

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 313.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1833.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.
[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

England and America. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

It is pretty generally admitted, that when God bade man go forth and multiply and replenish the earth, he meant him to enjoy the same, free and unrestrained. If this was the Divine intention—and the Bible says something remarkably like it—then we are quite certain that in many countries the benevolent desire has been woefully frustrated. Man hath found out many things, but the worst of all is, that which has enabled one class to seize upon the great common of nature, and to hold it to the exclusion of all their brethren. On this island, which it was meant should maintain the whole animated dust upon it, one million of creatures live in luxury, while fifteen millions scramble for crumbs. There is no concealing the fact, that in England the rich are far too rich,—the poor far too poor; and that the law which tends to create and maintain this inequality, must be amended. Knowledge is removing the scales from men's eyes, and the time is coming in which the vision of the poet will be made manifest, and the motto of nations be—

A man's a man for a' that.

We have been led into this train of reflection by the perusal of these bold notes. The author utters many wholesome truths; he is evidently well acquainted with the social and political condition of England; and he sees, that, contrary to the laws of other insect commonwealths, the drones here enjoy the honey. On the first look at the land, it seems lovely enough—

"An American citizen visits the continent of Europe, and on his way home passes some time in England. Here he finds the roads in every direction far better than any he has seen before. * * * By the side of nearly all the great roads, he sees, for the first time, a well kept footpath. In many places, the footpaths across fields are as dry, and smooth, and trim, as walks in pleasure gardens. All the carriages on the roads are stronger and lighter, more useful and slightly, than those to which he is accustomed; and the vast number of those carriages strikes him with astonishment. * * * He exclaims,—what magnificent crops! what beautiful meadows! what fine cattle and sheep! what skill, &c. * * * The mansions are palaces, the farm-houses mansions, the merest village of cottages has an air of peculiar comfort; whilst the number of those mansions, farm-houses and villages, gives to the country the appearance of a scattered town. But then the towns: many of them are so extensive, the houses in them are so well built, the shops have such a display of rich goods, the streets are so well paved and contain so large a proportion of good houses; these towns are so full of well-dressed people, that each of them might be taken for a city. Even the smallest towns appear like sections of a wealthy capital; and the number of towns, large and small, is so great that, together with the great number of good houses by the road side

out of town, one seems to be travelling all day through one street."

The American citizen, says the writer, surveys with wonder the agricultural marvels which we work, and seeks into their cause:—

"The advantage which England derives from confining her agriculturists to agricultural pursuits, and, in various parts of the country, to that particular mode of agriculture best suited to each district, becomes manifest in the superior skill of her farmers. The corn growers of Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk, the hop growers of Kent and Worcestershire, the sheep farmers of Sussex and Hampshire, the dairy farmers of Gloucestershire and Cheshire, the cattle-breeders and cyder-growers of Devonshire and Herefordshire, the breeders of horses in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire; all these, and many more which it would be tedious to mention, apply to their several pursuits a wonderful degree of knowledge, forethought, and calculation. It is rather a science than an art which each of them pursues; storing up the facts which come to his knowledge, and from a knowledge of those facts adopting, as a system, that mode of proceeding from which he expects the most beneficial results. Thinking of the pains which an English farmer takes in draining and manuring his fields, in the disposition of his land for various crops, in the selection of seeds, in the use of the best instruments, in keeping up or improving his fruit trees, in the management of his working cattle, in maintaining a peculiar and perfect race of cattle or sheep, and in subdividing the work performed by his united labourers, one might venture to call him a philosopher; though the term would excite ridicule in England, where science is almost as much despised in the abstract as in practice it is industriously cultivated."

The commerce of England is regarded with a scrutinizing eye; our consummate skill and spirit are admitted, and warmly eulogized.

"The commerce of England, both domestic and foreign, exhibits like her agriculture and manufactures, a high degree of combination of power, both general and particular. The whole commercial work performed by the people of England is so admirably distributed, that one might imagine it to be under the control of a single will; while no particular operation languishes for want of sufficient force to carry it on. In vain might the state of New York have projected the Erie canal, if a supply of labour for completing it had not been obtained from Ireland: that great work was performed by Irishmen, and could not have been performed with American free labour, which, for reasons to be stated hereafter, can seldom be used in combination. The peculiar skill with which the English apply capital and labour to the business of exchange, might be proved by a thousand facts."

But these agricultural and commercial miracles do good only to few, the people are in misery; and half the rental of a parish is expended in appeasing, not satisfying, their wants. The writer is aware of all this.

"If there be one subject in particular upon which Englishmen love to dwell, it is the misery and degradation of the bulk of the people. Every year that melancholy subject forms the

matter of numerous petitions to the legislature, of many speeches in parliament, of discussion at public meetings in all parts of the country, of some large volumes, of innumerable pamphlets, and of frequent, one might say constant, remarks in nearly all newspapers, and in all political magazines. There are some cheap newspapers, written expressly for the labouring class, which treat of scarce anything else, and the political sect called Owenites talk of nothing else; but the writers of these cheap newspapers, and these sectaries, differ from writers and speakers of the Conservative or Tory party only as to the way of curing the misery of the bulk of the people. The *Standard* newspaper, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *Quarterly Review*, all high Tory journals, dwell on the prevalence of misery with as much zeal as the *Poor Man's Guardian*, and other radical publications. Mr. Owen, Mr. Carlile, and Mr. Cobbett, do not appear more anxious than Mr. Sadler and Dr. Southey to remove the misery of the working classes. Mr. Sadler, who, by the way, has written a large book on the causes and remedies of pauperism, lately declared in the House of Commons that the working classes in England are white slaves. It was a Tory bishop who first called the attention of the House of Lords to the fact, that Englishmen are harnessed to carts like cattle. Mr. Wilmot Horton, after Mr. Sadler, the most industrious writer and speaker on the subject of pauperism, who lately delivered a course of lectures on that subject at the London Mechanics' Institution, was a member of parliament, a privy councillor, and a Tory. Concerning the misery and degradation of the bulk of the people of England, men of every order, as well as every party, unite and speak continually; farmers, parish officers, clergymen, magistrates, judges on the bench, members on either side of both houses of parliament, the king in his addresses to the nation, moralists, statesmen, philosophers; and, finally, the poor creatures themselves, whose complaints are loud and incessant."

The author is a sensible, practical man; he is none of your perfumed exquisites, nursed in a brocade and fed with a golden spoon.

"Though the remote causes of their misery form the subject of endless controversy, its immediate cause seems as plain as that two and two make four. Their only property is their labour. They take this property to market. They find the market overstocked with labour: there are more sellers than buyers. The sellers, in order to live, undersell each other, till they reduce the market price of their property to what political economists call the minimum of wages,—to that sum, namely, which will barely supply the labourer with necessaries according to his estimate of what is necessary. In every condition of life an Englishman's estimate of what is necessary rises above that which is formed by people of the same rank in most other countries. To an European labourer clothes are necessary: to a Hindoo labourer they are not. The necessary clothes of an English labourer are better than those of a French labourer. An English workman considers bread necessary; an Irish workman is content with potatoes. If, therefore, the English markets of labour were confined to Englishmen, and if, above all, pains were taken to raise still higher the English labourer's estimate of what is neces-

sary, the minimum of wages in England would probably become sufficient to support all labourers in a state of decency and comfort. But the English markets of labour, and especially those of manufacturing labour, are not confined to Englishmen: they are full of Irish labourers, who fly from Ireland to escape death by famine. These, whose estimate of necessary wages is a hovel, rags and potatoes, by underselling the English workman, by consenting to work for the lowest wages that will support life, compel the English labourer to adopt the same course, and thus reduce the general minimum of wages to a wretched pittance. The Irish workman is content with his wretchedness; the English workman is not. Here lies the only difference between them. The discontent of the English, if properly encouraged, might soon lead to a higher minimum of wages, were it not for the competition of the Irish. It is the competition of the Irish labour, which ruins the manufacturing population of England. In some difficult manufactures, truly, where the labour of the barbarous and easily satisfied Irishman would not be worth having at any price, we find a rate of wages, high when compared with that which always attends Irish competition. But improvements in the use of steam power, rendering the work performed by man's labour more simple and easy, have lately diminished, and will still further diminish, the number of those difficult manufactures, which already must be considered as exceptions to the general rule. In English manufactures, the general rule is Irish wages.

"English work and Irish wages! 'Peter Moreau,' says P. L. Courier in his *Village Gazette*—'Peter Moreau and his wife are dead, aged twenty-five years. Too much work has killed them; and many besides. We say—work like a negro, like a galley slave; we ought to say—work like a freeman.' I say, work like a Lancashire weaver. There is no such work in France or America, even amongst slaves; all day long, from Monday morning till Saturday night, week after week, and year after year, till the machine is worn out. Talk of negroes and galley slaves! American slaves, or convicts in New South Wales, are fat and happy compared with very many free-born Englishmen. By the way, it happens, not rarely so as to be matter of wonder, but so often as to pass unnoticed, that Englishmen commit crimes for the purpose of becoming galley slaves in New South Wales. They do not keep their purpose secret; they declare it loudly, with tears and passionate exclamations, to the magistrate who commits them for trial, to the jury who try them, and to the judge who passes sentence on them; and all this is published in the newspapers, but so often that no one exclaims—Great God, am I in merry England? Well may judges on the bench talk of the misery and degradation of the people."

The following passage requires no commentary; it cannot but sink into the hearts of many:—

"In England, any one who belongs to the ruling class may be irreligious and immoral without so much punishment as disgrace. The titled concubines of royalty have been envied by numbers of their sex, and honoured when they appeared in public. * * Women, on the contrary, whose poverty drives them to sin against religion and morality—prostitutes for bread—are regarded with that sort of scorn, which a Turk expresses when he says, 'dog of a Christian!' The English show profound respect for their devil, in comparison with the way in which they treat women of the town. For these, such epithets as wicked, vile, nasty, such terms as slut, strumpet, wretch, are too good. * * I cannot hear of any law or regulation, like those which subsist in France and Holland, intended

to provide for the health, the personal security, and the decent behaviour of this unfortunate class. The laws and customs of England conspire to sink this class of Englishwomen into a state of vice and misery below that which necessarily belongs to their condition. Hence their extreme degradation, their troopers' oaths, their love of gin, their desperate recklessness, and the shortness of their miserable lives."

Who the English aristocracy are, the writer takes leave to tell us:—

"In America, it is a common mistake to suppose, that the English aristocracy consists entirely of the nobility, squires of good estate, wealthy churchmen, and highly paid public servants. The aristocracy means the privileged class. Except the privilege of being born to make laws, there is none in England that money will fail to procure; and even that one, any man, having abundance of money, may obtain for his unborn, first-born son. A judge, a bishop, or a secretary of state, does not consider the trouble of his vocation a privilege; his privileges consist of money, patronage, power; the respect, the adulation, the devotion of his inferiors. In England, with plenty of the first of these privileges, you have all the others in abundance. Any Englishman, being very rich, would find it hard, if such a whim should take him, to avoid the respect, the adulation, the devotion, of numerous parasites. Not the man, but the wealth, is worshipped. The man may be ignorant, stupid, selfish, dishonest, in every way worthless; but if he have 50,000*l.* a year, he will have fifty, nay, five hundred, devoted friends, telling him continually that he is wise, just, generous, all over noble. Poor lords, though of Norman descent, are very little esteemed, and would be quite despised, but that as hereditary legislators they commonly obtain a good deal of the public money. The money is given to them avowedly for the purpose of maintaining their dignity. On the other hand, money will purchase the reputation of Norman descent. Mr. Thistlethwaite, whose father wore wooden shoes and made a million by cotton spinning; Mr. Thistlethwaite, who has purchased a mansion called Thistlethwaite Hall, intends, when he obtains a peerage, to take the title of Thistlethwaite and Vermont (his mother's name was Greenhill), in order to make it be believed that he descends in the female line from the Norman lords of Vermont: and this will be believed, religiously, on account of the million of money. In short, there is nothing that the English will not do to please him who can dispose of a great deal of money, either his own or that of the public. All rich Englishmen, therefore, belong to the aristocracy quite as much as any duke, minister, or archbishop; not excluding tradesmen, provided they be called great, like Calvert the great brewer, Baring the great stockjobber, Crawshaw the great iron-founder, Mellish the great butcher, and Morrison the great draper. Still, one cannot draw a very distinct line between the aristocracy and the class next below them. I thought at one time of counting amongst the aristocracy all who are called respectable; but respectability has various meanings in England; with some it means to keep a carriage, with others a gig. I have it—the privileged class consists of those who, whenever they are wronged, or would injure, can buy law without depriving themselves of any other costly luxury; those, in short, who, be their rank what it may, have more money than they know how to spend. Captain Basil Hall calls them the Spending Class."

It is more than probable that we shall return to this work.

FISH AND FISHERIES.

I. *Official Report on the Fisheries of the Caspian, made to the Minister of Commerce at St. Petersburg.*

II. *Natural History of the Fishes of Massachusetts, embracing a Practical Essay on Angling.* By Jerome V. C. Smith, M.D. Boston: Allen & Ticknor; London, Kennet.

The 'Natural History' is a work which we like much; it is observation generalized to science, and science reduced to practice:—the science is not always correct, particularly when Dr. Smith ventures on points in comparative anatomy which have not come under his own immediate notice; neither do we consider the practice recommended always judicious; but there pervades the whole a firm healthy tone, a spirit of seeing and thinking for one's self, giving us assurance that we have facts on which we can rely, and opinions not adopted from any one at second hand. Such a combination is extremely rare now-a-days, when books, like alluvial deposits, seem formed of particles washed from original blocks, and diluted with water sufficient "to make the dust one mud."

As a preliminary, we are presented with a slight historical sketch of the American Fisheries, considered as a source of national emolument, and some judicious remarks on the danger of attempting to force them into an undue prominence by injudicious legislation. The English were often reproached for buying herrings from the Dutch, instead of catching and saving for themselves, but as long as the English could turn their labour to better account in agriculture, manufactures, or other ways, so long was it their interest to eat bought herrings; and an artificial trade, forced by bounties and drawbacks, was an ill-judged legislative experiment to divert labour into unnatural, and therefore unproductive courses,—it was taxing the whole nation for the benefit of a few particular districts.

Cod.—As early as 1504, vessels from Biscay, Bretagne, and Normandy, were employed in the Cod fishery on the coasts of Newfoundland. In 1517, the French, Spanish and Portuguese had vessels engaged in this fishery: "England had then one ship employed in this lucrative trade." In 1615 the number of British vessels had increased to 250, those of other nations to 400.

"It is an interesting fact to us, that had it not been for the treasures of the sea, the pilgrim fathers of New England would have probably perished by famine. The pious Brewster and his associates lived for months almost entirely upon fish, and his daily thanks were given that they could 'suck of the abundance of the seas, and of the treasures hid in the sands.' The infant colony of Plymouth was nourished into strength and power by the trade of fishing."

Fishing, thus begun from necessity, was continued for profit. Previously to the American Revolution the cod fishery of Massachusetts employed 28,000 tons of shipping and 4,000 seamen. The annual value of their industry and enterprise was about 1,000,000 dollars. The absurd restrictions by which Lord North attempted to deprive the colonies of the right of fishing on the Newfoundland banks are well known, as also the indignant reclamation of Burke against this unwise and arbitrary conduct towards a people who had made "Faulkland Island,

which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, but a stage and resting place for their *victorious industry*. Neither the perseverance of Holland, the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise has carried this perilous mode of snatching a livelihood from the wave, to the same extent to which it has been pursued by this recent people, who are still in the gristle, and not yet hardened into manhood." The struggle which followed was, of course, injurious to this as to all other branches of national industry; but with the peace it again revived. In 1790, Massachusetts made a representation to Congress, asking some encouragement, in the form of bounty on exported fish, which was granted; and, the trade rapidly increasing in consequence of this stimulus, in 1807, 71,000 tons of vessels were employed in the cod fishery alone, and the exports for that and the four preceding years averaged at 3,000,000 dollars. The disputes with Great Britain respecting the Orders in Council, and the subsequent war, gave a new check to this trade, which was, however, only temporary, for the very year after peace was concluded we find 68,000 tons of vessels, employing 10,000 fishermen, on the ocean—"thus exhibiting the sagacity and promptness with which the sons of New England avail themselves of such circumstances as affect individual or public prosperity."

Since then, there has been a constant increase, so that in 1831, in the Barnstable district alone, licences were granted to 188 vessels, averaging 58 to 100 tons each, manned by about 1500 men and boys; the gross proceeds of which fishery were estimated at 319,060 dollars. The quantity of cod thus annually destroyed, must be immense; but it is more than counterbalanced by their means of re-production, the roes of a single female being calculated to contain more than 9,000,000 eggs. The multiplication of larger animals is generally in proportion to their direct utility to the human kind; accordingly, there is scarce any part of the cod which cannot be turned to advantage.

"When fresh, its beautifully white, firm and flaky muscles furnish our tables with one of the most delicious dainties; salted, dried, or otherwise conserved for future use, it affords a substantial and wholesome article of diet, for which a substitute could not readily be found. The tongue, which is always separated from the head when the fish is first caught, even epicures consider a delicacy; and tongues, salted or pickled along with the swimming-bladders, which are highly nutritious, being almost entirely pure gelatine, are held in much estimation by housekeepers, under the title of *tongues and sounds*."

"The sound or swimming-bladder of codfish, if rightly prepared, supplies an isinglass equal to the best Russian, and applicable to all the uses for which the imported is employed. The

liver of the cod, when fresh, is eaten by many with satisfaction, but it is more generally reserved by fishermen, for the sake of the large quantity of fine limpid oil which it contains. This is extracted by heat and pressure, and forms the well known *cod-liver oil* of commerce, which, in many respects, and for most uses, is superior to the commonly-used fish-oil. The heads of cod-fish, after the tongues are cut out, and the gills saved for bait, are thrown overboard, on account of want of room, and because salting would not preserve them to any advantage. Yet the head, being almost entirely composed of gelatine, is, when fresh, the richest, and perhaps the most nutritive part of the fish. The fishermen, it is true, make use of it for their own nourishment, but the great mass is thrown into the sea—a circumstance we can scarce reflect upon without regret, when we remember how many poor, in various charitable institutions, and through the country generally, might be luxuriously fed with this waste. If vessels were provided with the requisite implements and fuel, these heads would furnish a large amount of strong and valuable fish-glue or isinglass, that would well repay the trouble and expense of its preparation.

"The intestines of the cod-fish also yield a tribute to the table; the French fishermen, especially, prepare from them a dish somewhat similar, and not far inferior to the sounds. Finally, the ovaries or *roes* of the females are separated from their membranes, and the eggs, nicely pickled, afford an agreeable and gustful relish, far more delicate and inviting to the palate than the celebrated Russian caviare."

Sturgeon.—And this leads us naturally to the 'Official Report on the Fisheries of the Caspian,' (where this caviare is prepared) made to the minister of commerce at St. Petersburg, and from which we select a few of the most important facts. In Russia, where the great mass of inhabitants is of the Greek church, more than half the days of the year are *lenten days*. The fisheries therefore supply one of the prime necessities of life. It was calculated, in 1794, that 1,750,500 sturgeons, yielding 4,366,800 pounds of caviare, had been taken and saved in the Russian fisheries. The estimated value of the sturgeons caught in Astrakhan and the Caspian sea alone, is, according to Dr. Smith, 1,760,405 roubles annually; a great part of which sum is realized from England, and some of the continental nations, by the sale of isinglass and caviare, now getting into more general use. Dr. Smith's estimate, however, must be below the real amount, as Malte-Brun (vol. vi. 362) gives the total value of fish taken at the Russian fisheries, at 15,000,000 roubles, "half which sum," he says, "is obtained from the stations on the Volga and the Caspian Sea." We regret that in the 'Official Report' no attempt at a valuation is made; but, from the following table, the proportion which the sturgeon bear to the entire produce of the fishery, will evince the justice of our opinion.

A few words will be necessary to explain this table. The fisheries, paying a yearly impost to government, generally belong to the villages or cities in the district of Astrakhan. Those situated in the territory of the city of Astrakhan belong to Prince Kourakin, but he has gratuitously ceded to the city the right of fishing. The most extensive fishery, that of the *Jemba*, extending along the shores of the Caspian from the mouth of the Oural to the gulf called *Mertvoi Koutuk*, a distance of about 345 English miles, has also been free since 1803. Previous to that time it belonged to the Counts Koutaïssov and Poltikov. About half way down the western bank of the Caspian, at the mouth of the Terek, is the third fishery, deriving its name from the island of Tchetchen, just opposite, on which are placed the cabins of the fishermen, as well as those in which they salt and smoke the fish. The three first of these mentioned, are all species of the sturgeon; the first the common sturgeon, accipenser sturio, the second *sevrionga*, accipenser stellatus, and the third *bielouga*, accipenser huso. Smith mentions a fourth species, called *sterlet*, accipenser ruthenus, which seems, however, to come chiefly from the northern fisheries, and is considered such a dainty that no grand dinner is perfect without them. "When brought alive from Archangel to Moscow and St. Petersburg, they have been known to cost 500 to 1000 roubles each. A soup prepared from the sturgeon, commingled with the most expensive wines, according to the same narrator, has cost 3,000 roubles." The mode in which the fish are taken is extremely rude and inartificial. Across the estuaries of the several rivers, the Oural, the Volga, the Kuma, the Terek, &c., are placed a quantity of stones and stakes, fixed in the bottom, so as to form a kind of hedge. To this hedge are attached nets, sunk in the water, or hooks fixed on numerous lines, running the whole length of the hedge, so that the fish, endeavouring to ascend the rivers, are either entrapped in the nets, or, passing between the stakes, are caught by a hook in some part of their bodies. The fishermen have no further trouble than drawing their lines morning and evening. The fish, thus taken, are placed on rafts where they are gutted, and the roes, the vertebrae of the back, and the sounds, or swimming-bladders, carefully separated. The fish themselves are then carried to the huts, where they are salted; the roes are placed in a reservoir, to separate the fatty matter, after which, being pickled and barreled, they constitute caviare. Sturgeon, being of that class of fish called *cartilaginous*, have scarcely any earth in their bones, which are, in fact, rather a highly elastic flexible gristle; their spines therefore being rich in gelatinous matter, are, together with their ligaments and capsules, saved, and constitute what is termed fish-cartilage. Lastly, the sounds are placed on tables exposed to the sun, and being thus dried, form that well-known object of commerce, isinglass. In estimating the quantities of each of those, we have retained the Russian *poud*, equal to about 40 lb. Of the *sasans* we know nothing more than that they are described as a species of carp; too little is said to enable us to identify them with any of the cyprinidae of Pallas. The seal is said to be of the species commonly found on our own shores, *phoca Vitulina*, though Cuvier doubts

FISHERIES OF THE CASPIAN.

Year.	Number of Persons employed.		Number of Fish taken.						Products of Sturgeon.					
	In fishing.	In hunting Seals.	Sturgeon.	Sevrionga.	Bielouga.	Sasans (Carp.)	Seals.		Caviare.	Fish Cartilage.	Isinglass.			
1828	8,887	254	43,035	653,164	23,069	8,353	98,584	Pounds. lb.	34,860 1	1,207 38	1,225 27			
1829	8,700	257	68,325	697,716	20,301	5,940	69,572	Pounds. lb.	28,420 7	1,173 26½	1,002 22			

the accuracy of this assertion. They are caught chiefly for the sake of their skins and blubber.

The fisheries take place every year in the following order: 1. The spring fishery, at the breaking up of the ice, when the greatest quantity of caviare is made; 2. The summer fishery, when, from the lowness of the rivers, the fish are returning to the sea; 3. The autumn fishery, from September to November, when the sturgeon, of all species, are ascending the rivers, and seeking deep places in which to spend the winter. Many of them, however, still remain behind, so that they are fished for in winter also, by means of nets sunk through holes in the ice.

"During this season the fishermen proceed several versts from shore, on the sea covered with ice. Each two have a horse and sledge to convey their nets, which are often 1500 toises in length. They catch sturgeon, bielouga, salmon, and other fish; seals also are often found taken in their nets. It frequently happens that during this fishing an impetuous wind suddenly blows off shore, and drives the ice, with the fish and fishermen, into the deep sea; these latter are then inevitably lost, unless the wind should change and blow them back towards shore. The most experienced fishermen assure us that the horses have a presentiment when this wind is about arising, and suddenly manifest much uneasiness, and become ungovernable. The men attend to this indication, abandon their prey, and return immediately to land, the horses seeming to exert all their speed."

Sturgeon appear in Boston harbour only in summer, and generally measure from six to nine feet in length. Between the end of the mouth and the snout, are four cirri, resembling the tendrils of a vine, or earthworms, of which the animal makes a curious use.

"Settling itself into the soft ooze, with its head towards the current,—the sturgeon allows the cirri to float, just above its nose,—and there it patiently waits, till some fish, allured by the sight of the buoyant tendrils,—dives to pick them up, when the crafty deceiver pounces on its unsuspecting prey, with unfeigned success."

The force with which the sturgeon darts at any object on the surface is sometimes so great as to carry it completely out of the water. With an amusing incident resulting from this habit we must terminate our notice of this fish:—

"Last Saturday afternoon, as sundry persons were employed in painting the hull of the schooner *Exact*, now lying at our wharf, they were suddenly interrupted in their labour by an abrupt and unceremonious visit from one of the inhabitants of the river. They were standing in a scow which was drawn alongside the schooner, surrounded with their paint-pots, and busily plying their brushes, when a sturgeon about seven feet long and three feet in circumference, making his way between the scow and the schooner, where there was just room enough to afford a passage, dashed in among the astonished painters, overturned the pots, mixed their various contents in one mass, and having thus formed a new combination of colours, took the business into his own hands. Substituting his tail for a brush, he commenced operations on a large scale, and as he flounced about in his new quarters, scattered the paint in every direction, spreading it over the side of the vessel and scow, and not omitting to bestow a liberal coat on the painters themselves. He was not long permitted, however, to display his skill in his new line of business, for the painters not relishing this species of monopoly, commenced a united assault

on their new competitor, and despatched him without mercy."

Mackerel.—We shall next proceed to this well known and beautiful little fish, which, from the immense numbers in which it is annually taken off Massachusetts, furnishes a most important branch of American trade, and, from the thousands of barrels annually sent thence to our West Indian colonies, cannot fail also to interest us.

"In 1803, Massachusetts passed a law providing for an inspection of fish. In the following year, the number of barrels of mackerel packed in Massachusetts, was 8,079. The number gradually increased until 1808, when after a temporary declension, the business extended, and in 1811 the number of barrels packed was upwards of 19,000. The war almost entirely destroyed the business. In 1815 it revived, and the returns of the next year show that 16,000 barrels were packed. In 1820, the increase was so rapid that the number of barrels packed amounted to 236,243. This was before the separation of Maine. The number packed in Massachusetts the subsequent year, was 111,000,—but in 1825 it was again increased to an amount exceeding that of the whole state at the time of the separation, and in 1831 there were packed in this state 348,750 barrels; and the mere increase from the preceding year, amounted to a greater number than were packed in the seven years subsequent to the passage of the inspection law. The number of vessels employed in 1831, did not fall much short of 400, and the number of men employed probably exceeded 4000. If we include those who are employed in building the vessels, manufacturing the barrels, making or importing the salt, packing the fish, transporting them to market, and vending them, we can form some opinion of the extent of the advantages of this trade to the community. The probable value of the proceeds of the mackerel fishery for 1831, exceeded one million and a half of dollars."

It is worthy of serious consideration why the Americans so far exceed in this pursuit our Nova Scotia colonists, who would appear to embark in it with equal, if not superior advantages. They have the facility of taking mackerel by the seine, and so many as 1000 barrels have been brought in at one draught. They have also every convenience in the way of beach, huts, &c. for drying and preparing their prey; yet, as we have said, the Americans are enabled to throw great quantities into our West India markets. Dr. Smith, with, we think, pardonable exultation, points to this as a proof of the superior energy and enterprise of his countrymen.

It is a common opinion that mackerel, when leaving temperate climates, direct their course northwardly, and spend the winter beneath the ice. Captain Couthouy, the intelligent master of a vessel trading between Cadiz and Boston, has supplied Dr. Smith with some facts tending to show that the mackerel really proceed in an opposite direction:—

"On the 10th Nov. 1831, we were sailing at the rate of five knots per hour to the north-eastward, when we were passed by an immense shoal of mackerel, swimming in a south-east direction. They first came in sight about 10, A.M. and continued passing till after 11. They would not take the hook. There were hundreds of dolphin in pursuit, by whom they were sometimes driven almost on board."

The question merits more extended observation; meantime, to return to the more direct object of this article, which is the Natural History of Fish considered as afford-

ing means of national employment, we subjoin a table of the number of barrels of mackerel packed in Massachusetts for the last twenty-six years; in the fluctuations of which, the political economist can trace, by an inverse analogy, the disputes, the dissensions, and the wars, which the state has had with the mother country.

In 1803 the number of barrels was 8,079.

1805	8,936	1818	47,210
1806	8,473	1819	105,433
1807	10,904	1820	236,243
1808	7,738	1821*	111,009
1809	8,865	1822	160,294
1810	13,058	1823	145,006
1811	19,632	1824	191,650
1812	5,013	1825	251,381
1813	5,532	1826	158,740
1814	1,349	1827	190,310
1815 12 ts.	16,349	1828	237,324
1816	30,021	1829	225,882
1817	37,982	1830	308,462

Of whale, herring, salmon, pike, and some other fisheries, we may speak in a future number.

The Amulet, for 1834. Edited by S. C. Hall. London: Westley & Davis.

"THE AMULET" is one of the prettiest of our Annuals: it is of a size fit for a lady's hand. It is composed of contributions, in verse and prose, from authors of fixed, or of rising, reputation; and the pictures with which it is embellished are from the hands of some of our best painters. The present volume is not inferior to its predecessors. Of the embellishments we have elsewhere spoken: our business is now with the literature. There are several stories in prose: one by the Author of 'Pelham,' one by Leigh Hunt, one by the Author of 'Selwyn,' and others of scarcely inferior merit; the 'Ellen Ray' of Mrs. Hall is one of her Irish stories, and in these she is always natural. The verses are, in our opinion, equal to the prose. The Author of 'Corn Law Rhymes' has dismounted from his political "screw-peg," and sung of May like one who enjoys the world, and has children rising into manhood and reputation around him:—

May.

Shade-loving hyacinth! thou com'st again;
And thy rich odours seem to swell the flow
Of the lark's song, the redbreast's lonely strain,
And the stream's tune—best sung where wild flowers
blow,
And ever sweetest where the sweetest grow.
Who hath condensed, oh, broom! in thy rich flowers,
The light of mid-day sun? What virgin's cheek
Can match this apple-bloom, these glowing showers
Or glistening daisies? How their blushes speak
Of rosy hues that bright o'er ocean break,
When cloudy morn is calm, yet fain to weep,
Because the beautiful are still the frail!
Hark! 'tis the thrush! he sings beneath the steep,
Where coolness never quite the fountained vale!
How eloquently well he tells his tale!
"That love is yet on earth, and yet shall be,
Though virtue struggles, and seems born to fail,
Because vile man, who might be great and free,
Toils for the wolf, and bribes iniquity!"
Thou art not false, sweet bird! "Thou dost not keep
The word of promise to our ear alone,
And break it to our hearts!" Maiden do not weep,
Because thou feign'st; for thee no victims groan;
Thy voice is truth, and love is all thy own:
Then, for thy sake, I will not hate man's face—
Will not believe that good deeds are veiled sins—
That bounty may be mean, and kindness base—
That fortune plays the game which wisdom wins—
That human worth still ends where it begins:
Because man were wholly false, though hope were none
Of late redemption from his sin-made woe,
Yet would I trust in God and goodness. On,
From sun to sun, the stream of mercy flows,
And still on lowly graves the little daisy grows.

* The first year after the division of the state from Maine.

We confess that in the verse of Mary Howitt there is much of Nature's witchcraft: look at her moving picture of children left fatherless and motherless to the cold charity of the parish:—

They never knew what 'twas to play,
Without control, the long, long day,
In wood and field at will;
They knew no bird, no tree, no bud;
They got no strawberries in the wood,
No wild thyme from the hill.
They played not on a mother's floor;
They toiled amid the hurn and roar
Of hobbins and of wheels:
The air they drew was not the wild
Bounty of Nature, but defiled,—
And scanty were their meals.
Their lives can know no passing joy;
Dwindled and dwarfed are girl and boy,
And even in childhood old;
With hollow eye, and anxious air,
As if a heavy, grasping care,
Their spirits did enfold.
Their limbs are swell'd—'n their bodies bent;
And, worse,—no noble sentiment
Their darkened minds pervade;
Feeble, and blemished by disease,
Nothing their morbid hearts can please
But doings that degrade.

Oh, hapless heirs of want and woe!
What hope of comfort can they know?
Them man and law condemn:
They have no guides to lead them right;
Darkness they have not known from light:
Heaven be a friend to them!
Woe is it that an English pen,
Thus, thus must write of Englishmen,—
The great, the brave, the free!
Yet such was my poor comrade's fate;
And miseries, such as his, await
On thousands such as he.

The 'Fight at Sea' is of the right metal—there is a maritime savour about the language which attests its truth; but those who desire to know more must consult the book itself.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1834.
Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. Ackermann.

THE first line of Virgil patters, says Shenstone, like a hailstorm, and this handsome Annual commences with the description of one. We have seen storms of hail in our time, but they were like showers of barn-door chaff, or thistle-down, compared to the pelting ones witnessed abroad by the Rev. Robert Walsh. Here is one of them:—

"D.—Where did you see the other hail-storm?"

"F.—At Bnykderé on the Bosphorus, near the mouth of the Black Sea, about twelve years after. As the former had followed an earthquake, so this latter came after a great conflagration. The town of Pera had been just before burnt down by an awful fire, which consumed all the palaces of the ambassadors at Constantinople, and the houses of the Franks, with about ten thousand of those of the Greeks and Turks; so that not only our own, but those of all our friends were consumed, and we were driven to take refuge in a large edifice on the sea-shore, about twelve or fourteen miles distant. One morning in autumn we saw a dark, dismal-looking cloud approaching along the Bosphorus, as if it came directly from the ruins of the smoking city. At first we perceived here and there something like large stones plumping into the water, and making a great splash; but presently they came like a discharge of cannon-shot directly against the house, and soon smashed the roof to pieces. The windows were all burst in, and the hail drove through every room, bounding about like balls from wall to wall, and forcing us to fly before it, and take shelter in the lower part of the house.

"D.—Was any one hurt?"
"F.—It was so early in the morning, that few people were abroad. Some Greeks, however,

who were watching their vineyards on the hills about, were severely wounded, and two of them killed, with sundry sheep and fowls in the village below! but the injury was not so great as might have been expected from so extraordinary and awful a circumstance. The stones were much larger and more compact than those I had examined at Zante. Some of them were smooth, single, heavy masses of solid ice; some were in lumps and protuberances, as if several smaller ones had been frozen together; and some were beautifully formed with one layer over another, like the coats of a bulbous root. Their general size was seven or eight inches in circumference, but several were much larger. One of these was weighed and measured by my apothecary, and was found to be a mass of solid ice of 112 drachms, or 1 lb in weight, and 14 inches in circumference! It did not appear that this tremendous ball had struck any one, otherwise, coming with such velocity from the sky, it must have destroyed any animal like an iron bullet.

"D.—Did the shower last long or extend far?"
"F.—No; the cloud passed in about ten minutes, and was lost to our view in the Black Sea; it also seemed of a small size, and the space over which it extended very limited. It travelled rapidly along the European shore of the Bosphorus, tearing and tattering everything in its way; while the opposite shore of Asia, though distant in some places only one mile, enjoyed a serene sky and a tranquil atmosphere. In sailing down in a caïque the next day, we saw the country on one side of us smiling in great beauty; and on the other nothing but windows smashed, roofs beat in, trees torn to pieces; and this was a continued picture of desolation from the Black Sea to the sea of Marmora, a distance of nearly twenty miles."

There are many pretty matters in painting, in prose, and in poetry, in this volume. The 'Bird at Sea,' by Mrs. Hemans, is so beautiful that we cannot resist quoting it, though we felt more than half inclined to snatch a large piece out of the very middle of the 'English Farm-yard.'

The Bird at Sea.

"Bird of the greenwood!
Oh! why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee;
Flowers bloom not at thy feet;
All the sweet writers
Far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!
Midst the wild billows
Thy place will not be,
As midst the wavings
Of wild rose and tree:
How shouldst thou battle
With storm and with spray?—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!
Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south wind
Vine-leaves are fann'd?
Midst the wild billows
Why then delay?—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!"

"The New Year's Gifts," by Miss Leslie, of Philadelphia, is an American story, which those who read once will wish to read again; nor is the tale of 'Jocko' uninteresting, though a little too wonderful, and a little too like the 'Pongos' of our friend the Ettrick Shepherd. We have found a very sweet poem, by an author not much known, but who has, nevertheless, some of the true sa-

vour of nature about him. The 'Mountain Daisy,' of Cornelius Webbe, is not, indeed, like the 'Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower' of Caledonia's bard; that it is not an artificial thing made up for the market by a milliner's apprentice, our readers shall see.

The Mountain Daisy.

Oh! lovely as that lowly flower
Which gives thy charms a name,
And blushes at its humble dower,
Its homeliness of fame;—
Fair girl, with beauty gifted, yet
Unconscious of the grace
Which Nature's loving hand has set
Upon thy gentle face,—
Oh, simple beauty!—yet not so;
For, rapid as the dance
Of thy swift pulse, thoughts come and go
Across thy countenance,—
Now serious as the solemn moon,
Now smiling as the sun,
Now sweetly mingling both,—till soon
The gay and grave seem one!—
Now joy laughs out at either eye,
Soon flies, and lo! a tear
Dims o'er the sunshine of that sky,
Which thought again makes clear;—
So through the varying feelings' range
Thy varying features play.
From tears to smiles with April's change,
But loveliness of May.
The daisy on the sunny hill,
Kissed by the summer wind,
Soft trembles with a sudden thrill,
As thou dost when thy mind
Comes touching tenderly some part
Where sweet expression lies,
Unlocks the secrets of thine heart,
And speaks its sympathies.

There is much to instruct, as well as please and amuse, in this Juvenile Annual; and—we shall tell the truth—they not seldom own verse, and prose, and pictures, worthy of those intended for wit grown up to man's estate.

Bilder und Zustände aus Berlin. Von J. Jacoby. [Berlin Pictures and Conditions. By J. Jacoby.] 2 vols. Altenburg; London, Black & Co.

JACOBY is another variety of the Heine genus: he is nearly as enthusiastic, as extravagant, as fantastically ironical, as that celebrated writer; but he is less reckless in his irony, and, in power of intellect, is undoubtedly far inferior, although he holds a high rank in the literature of his country, and has attained to a celebrity which entitles him to foreign notice.

The work now before us is neither a portrait nor a caricature of Berlin life, but a collection of satirical essays upon portions thereof, intermingled with graphic sketches of particular customs. The author professes ultra-liberal principles, but, somewhat inconsistently, as it appears to us, avows his utter contempt for the French Revolution of July, and, indeed, for the French generally, whom he is pleased to call, contemptuously, a dancing nation. This sort of inconsistency seems to be a "humour" with him; therefore, whilst he scoffs at everything in Prussia, he affects to see a rich vein of good in all her institutions, and professes a strong attachment to her king, whom he calls the father and benefactor of his people, in every thing but—the only real good he could confer on his people—delaying to give them the long promised representative constitution and a free press.

The following fragment, from a Panegyric upon Fools, is a fair specimen of Jacoby's more playful irony:—

I love fools: for after all, a good straightforward folly is worth more than a crooked wisdom; therefore, where I hope to find proper fools,

there I seek them. But let it not be supposed that my labours are often crowned with success. The times are past in which it was necessary to seek wise men with a lantern—now you may run miles before you can find a fool; and that because wisdom is now to be purchased for a trifle. At Stehly's (a coffee-house), with every cup of coffee, you swallow, unperceived, a portion of wisdom. Many people become fools from too much wisdom, but those are not of the right sort; when I speak of fools, I mean thereby, those who treat folly itself foolishly: and, I assure you, that—diplomats and hair-dressers excepted—there are but few such. Most persons fancy they have gained a step in the fool-order, when their words and actions display a complete negation of wisdom; but this is a trifle, mere pedantry—for the most part, dissimulation. Such persons become wise again, when folly has brought them the expected profit—they play the fool after they have been wise. My fools are foolish without previous wisdom—I call them concrete fools. In Berlin there are few such, and these know their own value; for the police, and the government as part thereof, are inimical to folly. In the streets no one must play the fool; nay, the papers must contain no folly:—what else is the censorship for? In Berlin there must and shall be no stupidity—this cannot be too often inculcated: when a noble commits absurdities, he is degraded to a plebeian, and a stupid citizen is raised to nobility. Now, there is logic! Some persons have a patent for folly and stupidity: should I name them, it were the worse for me. Others pine to death, because they may not carry their folly to market, but must lock it up close in their heart's closet.

We will now take a somewhat more serious passage, containing much truth, respecting the life of students at German universities—a state of existence familiarly designated by the originally slang word *Burschenschaft*, with all possible derivatives therefrom. This word is not very translatable, but may be explained as meaning the Lad's Guild. After describing the new student's festive reception into this guild, Jacoby thus proceeds:—

The youth has now found his world, in which he moves freely and cheerily. He may now let his sentiments stream forth, his feelings effervesce, without fear of being laughed at. To him the university is the frame in which the delicious picture of his newly-awakened life is set: his learning, his poetical contemplations, his views, all assist him in twining the garland that now decorates his head. He blends the antique with the modern: he lives the life of a Greek, thinks heatheno-christianity, and dresses in the fashion of the Middle Ages. He grasps at everything, would imbibe everything into his thirsty spirit. His internal unregulated wealth ferments, foams over, in the most unaccountable forms. What is his external extravagance, his bullying, if not irony? He drinks, writes poetry, loves, prays, and is on fire for everything great and beautiful in ART and in LIFE; he is profligate, susceptible, malicious, sentimental, bold, taciturn, godlike, coarse, decided in character, an atheist, a devotee, a patriot, and a republican. Now he lies on the soft grass dreaming of love and tenderness—now he storms in the fencing-school, and gets drunk at the ale-house; now he is Socrates—now Alcibiades; now reads the Psalms—now Voltaire; is now at church—now at the faro-table: in short, he is a *Bursche*, to be known as such ten yards off. * * *

But German *burschenschaft* is buried. Rest to the dead! * * *

Who has buried the *burschen*-life? Not the monarchs, but the newest modern history. That history will allow of no unproductive blossoms, no flowers existing solely for their own sake;

in life it sanctions no poetical modification, no forms of beauty, but will have only useful, prosaic, compact fruits. Herein has the newest time returned to the ancient idea, that it conceives of earthly life as sharply defined, and independent of any supersensible influences that it would thus establish, and, by means of the representative system, settle life for future generations. The ancients, likewise, drew not, as the consummation of all things, heaven down to earth, but regarded the latter as a distinct whole, the culmination of which were POESY and ART-RELIGION; just as we strive to place the very pith and marrow of our life and exertions in the political ideas of a state and constitution. Against this return to the dear mother earth did the Middle Ages work. They, through their historical, worldly object, brought all the shapes of heaven down hither; and thus, beside monsters of fanaticism, enabled those lovely poetical blossoms to germinate, the radical extirpation of which is the gloomy task that our age has set itself. * * *

The *burschen*-life reached its fullest bloom in the heroic exaltation of 1813 and 1815, and died, as all beauty vanishes, when it had unfolded its splendour. The *naïve*, unconscious self-abandonment of the student then ripened into consciousness that the determinate object, the point of repose for his restless activity, was to be found in patriotism. Thus was the chameleon *bursche*, who burned and raved for everything, changed from a jovial lad, into an earnest friend of his country. This partial direction certainly led to triumph; and, according to the circumstances of the times, was the right line; but it was likewise the boundary line, behind which lurked caricature and absurdity. For when the ripe fruit has developed itself from the blossom, this last must fall or rot. The death of the blossom and the birth of the fruit are simultaneous. * * *

The *burschen*-life has, since its death, endeavoured to resuscitate, and has appeared as a mummy, as a frightful ghost, that wrought its masterpiece upon Kotzebue's aged breast; and afterwards roamed abroad in the wildest apparitions, until once more encoffined and interred by the living!

We conclude with one of the graphic sketches, 'Der Stralauer Fishzug' (the Stralau Fishery)—an annual popular festival. Our author first describes the bustle of preparation throughout Berlin; next the solemnity with which the shopkeepers and mechanics, with their families, walk through the streets, in their way to the scene of amusement, whilst the windows of the better houses are thronged with spectators; and thus proceeds:—

Opposite my window is such a house, in which groups have formed themselves: the married ladies sit at one window, the girls at another. * * *

These last are faces of roses and lilies. * * * They examine every passer by, and their features show a little disappointment. At length one points up the street, and shrinks back, as though she had betrayed herself to all the world. * * *

Now two horsemen gallop hitherwards; as they approach they slacken their pace. The Lily at the window becomes a rose, and the Rose, I thought it would consume itself in its own glow before my eyes. What looks were there—long and fiery!—in those looks lay a whole history of love. * * *

Over the way a carriage draws up. The girls and their parents get in. That look, then, was perhaps no mere idyl!

We now accompany the author out of the gates of Berlin.

Everything now assumes a far gayer and less

It will be recollected that Kotzebue was stabbed by a young collegian.

formal aspect; for the humblest Berliner stands upon ceremony with the town, and would fain be wronged himself should he suffer it to witness any ill-breeding of his. * * * The matron who traversed the streets with such decorous leisuress, now steps out briskly, and often bursts into loud laughter. The husband has taken his pipe in his hand, and allows the bottle, that has been hitherto carefully pressed into the background, to look abroad freely from out of his pocket; his mien is no longer so serious, his walk is fast losing its gravity. In the city the good folks had so many things to consider; perhaps a customer might be passing, a protector sitting at a window, one might meet one's gossip, the glover, who might sneer at childish, extravagant merriment. The uniformly-built houses, too, are actual masters of the ceremonies; and their long rectilinear rows exercise over certain persons a very peculiar species of witchcraft. * * *

On the meadow, female venders of fruit, bread, and meat, have established their magazines; boys offer cigars, with fire; and burdy-gurdes mangle Weber and Rossini. Before Stralau uprises a fortress of carriages, which there discharge their passengers—these are the would-be grandees. * * *

A poor little village, with two rows of houses, most of which are taverns, receives the inhabitants of the metropolis. The throng is so great that one can hardly get along the narrow street. I would not advise anybody to visit the self-called coffee-houses: in them nothing characteristic is to be found, for there this said aristocracy has set up its rest, and produced the usual smoking-room life. Tall white ale-glasses lift their gigantic heads, and the nectarean beverage passes till evening through the hands of all the members of a family: the father exhales smoke-clouds of bad tobacco, the mother knits away diligently, and the daughters, with yearning weariness, look into the slip of garden. A wretched orchestra plays merry tunes, to which the neat little dance-loving feet of the girls beat time. That is all—not a grain of poetry or fun.

The crowd streams towards a different point, and, for the first time, I take the crowd as my guide. The narrow street is soon passed, and opens upon a really pretty prospect: the Spree flows here broader than elsewhere, and is sprinkled over with gondolas; across it is seen the cheerful Treptow. On its banks the human waves swell and roar: the river winds through the scene—the capital appears in the background—immediately before us spreads a lawn, especially dedicated to the popular festival.

In every interval of space arise ambulatory shops, whose proprietors offer eatables cheap. In hollows crackle merry fires, over which kettles are boiling: active, well tucked-up women brandish cooking-ladles, and bring to light—now sausages, now fried fish;† close beside stands the customer, with clucking, longing tongue, and receives the dainty morsel in his bare hand; he conveys it to his mouth; the dispenser of such enjoyment fixes upon him an anxiously-inquiring look; the worthy buyer, still munching, fumbles in his pocket, hands her a few coppers, and, ruffling up his shirt frill, says, "You should not mistrust one of us." Gaming booths and intoxicated apprentices vary the scene.

A tinker sells leaden crosses and medals in honour of the festival: young and old adorn their breasts with the Stralau order, and look disapprovingly at those who wear no such gauds. Let him who laughs recollect, that the great children in the capital do much the same. Through the living panorama winds, like a red

* We beg to say, that the culinary blunder, if blunder there be, is none of ours. Jacoby mentions no implement of cookery save boiling-kettles; and the only question can be, whether his *gebratenes* fish be roasted, broiled, or fried!

ribbon, the police; and to-day the gens-d'armes say, "Gentlemen." * * *

All ran to the river side: the princes and princesses were passing in a plain gondola, rowed by sailors dressed as Turks. The black eagle graced the flag, and announced royalty. The people fancied they saw their king, and flourished their hats, even when aware of their mistake. The princesses returned thanks very graciously, and the Berlin favourite, Alexandrine, now Hereditary Duchess of Mecklenburg, waved her handkerchief. Her affability so touched the Berliners, that many who were in the very act of carrying sausages to their mouths, stood in doubt whether to indulge their hunger or their patriotism. The latter conquered, the sausages were crammed into pockets, and all hands grasped hats—that is what I call enthusiasm!

We now cross the Spree to Treptow, where the better sort of company are assembled in a garden on the river.

Evening closes in: the Spree is covered with innumerable floating lights, reflected in the stream. Music sounds upon the water; the noisy crowd sends its echo across; and the dark church tower uprisings gloomily from amidst encircling brightness. In the distance glimmer the lights in the houses of the capital, and, as far as the eye can see, the river swarms with gondolas. * * * I went into the park behind the garden, and—was it illusion or truth?—I perceived my Rose and Lily, from over the way, slipping into the thicket, accompanied by the two horsemen. * * *

In Stralau all is jollity. The music of the dance resounds, and dancers, unsteadied by long potations, whirl their partners through the mazes of the waltz. There are groups worthy of a Hogarth's pencil. The hedges and bushes are all alive, and shelter many a tender couple; it is well that the police, the moon, and the stars cannot blush. The air blows sharp and cool, and warns that it is time to go home, but punches in the ribs, and the wild uproar, are more effective monitors. Of the unnumbered pedestrians eight-ninths are quite drunk; and many a husband, whom we saw walking respectfully beside his wife, is become a rude companion, fuddled by intoxication and the darkness of the night, for any act of blackguardism. The women now undertake an office worthy of them: how gently do they lead their intemperate husbands home—how gently persuade them, and endure their brutality! The children run before their parents in the darkness, screaming and crying. The landlords contentedly count up their receipts, and many an anxious mother thinks of the morrow's breakfast.

This is a true history of the Berlin popular festival, called, THE STRALAU FISHERY.

At night I dreamed of the Rose and of the Lily. * * * Next day I again saw them at the window. I examined them closely, and found them much altered: the soft eye of the Lily was more glowing and impassioned—the fiery glance of the Rose was softened and purified. And all this was the work of the Stralau Fishery!

Heath's Picturesque Annual, for 1834. London: Longman & Co.

Clarkson Stanfield excels in landscape, Leitch Ritchie in description, and the name of Heath stands high among engravers; they have united their powers and made a beautiful book. It is true, that they have laid out their time and talents on a foreign shore, when they might have been as picturesquely employed at home, and have moreover caused us to stroll over France again, before we had recovered from our agreeable

jaunt in the company of Roscoe and Harding; but it is also true, that, save when it was the pleasure of the tourist to hold us by the button till he inflicted the story of Monsieur Cabieux upon us, we have not had a moment's weariness,—on the contrary, our eyes have been charmed and our minds instructed with the labours of both pencil and pen. Our sketching tourists proceed along the sea-side, visiting Dieppe, St. Malo, Eu, Tréport, Havre, Honfleur, Mont-Saint-Michel, and other places equally beautiful. The following clever picture of religious pageantry may make some smile and others look grave:—

"The church of St. Jacques is a gloomy and venerable edifice, with a good deal to interest the local antiquary. This was, for many a day, the scene of a religious farce, which seems to have taken the place of the still more ancient mysteries. It was called the ceremony of the Confrérie de la mi-Août, and was performed every year on the fifteenth of that month. A young girl of the place—the prettiest and most demure, no doubt, in all Dieppe—sustained the character of the Holy Virgin, and was carried to the church, amidst the lamentations of the inhabitants, laid out in a bier. As the procession entered the door, and passed along the nave, the service of the mass begun; and, when this was about half-way, something was observed to stir on a glory which hung suspended from the vault of the choir, and which now seemed agitated by the lofty swell of the music proclaiming to the worshippers the actual presence of their God.

"Two small, white, spectral forms detached themselves from the glory, which now swung free under the vault; and, as they descended in that dim religious light, it was seen that they were angels—of 'pasteboard. They hovered above the tomb of the Virgin, and straightway the Virgin arose—not, alas, the lovely Dieppaise, who was scarcely yet fledged for heaven, but a locum tenens like herself, a shadow of a shade, formed of silk and paper, that was carried away into the bosom of celestial glory, and delivered into the arms of an old man with a white beard, the representation of God the Father.

"At this period of the mystery, the expectation of the people seemed to be wrought up to the very highest. A loud and greedy murmur ran through the crowd, resembling the sound by which the refined audience of an English theatre express their desire that the music should commence. At length, another stir took place below; and the holiness of the place and of the spectacle was not enough to repress the genuine plaudits with which was hailed the appearance of a being whose nature we know not, but whose name was Grimpe-salais. Awakened from the dead at the intercession of the Virgin, he sprang to his feet, and stared around. Then, as the nature of the miracle broke upon his senses, delivering himself up to transports of joy, he leaped, danced, clapped his hands, and finally climbed up, by the ornaments of the choir, till he reached the glory at the top, where he jumped one moment upon the shoulders of the Eternal Father, and the next peeped down upon the people from between his legs. The holy rapture of the spectators was unbounded. They bellowed with admiration; and the ceremony concluded with shouts of laughter, and cries of 'Well done, Grimpe-salais!' This singular ceremony, it is said, continued to be performed till the bombardment of Dieppe by the English, in 1694, when the machinery of the piece was burnt."

We cannot omit the character of the Havre bookseller: there is much that is national in it:—

"The Place is still further interesting to us

inasmuch as it contains the library of M. Chapelle, an intelligent bookseller, whose character led us to think of the change which is gradually taking place in the profession in France, and still more of the difference between the booksellers of the two most literary countries in the world.

"In England, if you inquire for a book, the master, the shopman, or even the apprentice is, generally speaking, well acquainted with its title, size, and price, or possesses the means of ascertaining what is requisite in an instant. If it is included in his stock, he can lay his hand upon it at once; and, if not, he can tell you the precise day and hour when it shall be sent to you. All this is admirable: but if the inquirer demands, further, what is the nature and literary value of the book,—what are the adversaries or adherents of the theory it contains,—what is the best course of study to be pursued on the subject,—he will find, in nineteen cases out of twenty, that he is addressing himself to a tradesman whose article of barter is not the literature, but the paper, print, and binding of the book.

"In France, on the contrary, the bookseller, in nineteen cases out of twenty, either is, or affects to be, a literary man. He has not the book in question, it is true, nor does he know where to get it, nor, if he has it, can he readily discover where, nor, if uncertain, is he disposed, at the moment you speak to him, to take the trouble of searching. He cannot name the price, nor the size, nor the printer, nor the publisher—but then he is a literary man. That there are booksellers, both in France and England, who, like M. Chapelle, are both men of business and literary men, we of course know very well; but this is their relative character en masse. Everything, however, is on the movement. In England the booksellers, partaking insensibly of the spirit of the age, are daily becoming better informed; while in France the general tide of knowledge has almost reached their standard, and the booksellers, less literary (since all things go by comparison), are mere men of business.

"In France the professions of bookseller and printer were usually joined in one; and the professor was recognised, even in the royal edicts, more as a savant than as a tradesman. Printers were specially exempted from the tax from the renewal of their license on the accession of a new monarch; and both printers and booksellers enjoyed immunities denied to other classes of the mercantile world."

In the chapter called the Passage of the Seine, we find some agreeable sketches of manners as connected with dress; we have detached the following:—

"White seems to have been, at an early period, a colour exclusively given up to the peasants; and, three centuries ago, if a gentleman chose to appear in such a dress, it was necessary that it should be of velvet, with white boots, in order to distinguish his rank. Both men and women were further distinguished by the quality and stuff of their dress; only the clergy, nobles, and noblewomen, being permitted to wear silk; and only prelates and the higher nobility wearing silk over silk. If a lady chose to go abroad in a cloth hood it was necessary to have it bordered with silk, lest she should be mistaken for a bourgeoisie; and, in some parts of France, the latter class of females were forbidden to allow any part of their hair to appear under the hood. The number and disposition of the jewels were also guarantees of the female's rank—and even the chaplets which they used in their prayers; a noblewoman only condescending to tell beads of gold or enamel, while a bourgeoisie was contented with silver or crystal. As for the peasants, their chaplets were of iron and glass; and the very poorest were fain to pray to God with the fingers he gave

them. A lady of the court, we may add, or other lady of distinction, was rarely seen without the sort of trowsers which are now revived in France, and have lately become general in England.

"The colour, however, was the grand distinction of dress even among the male sex. A minstrel, for instance, wore blue and green; a bourgeois, black; and a noble, or high dignitary of the church, scarlet. A red cap was also a sign of nobility—a velvet covering on the sheath of the sword—a plume of feathers—or a gold chain. Sometimes the *grands seigneurs* did not choose to take the trouble of carrying their own swords, and had them borne after them by a page; but this was thought at last to be carrying the joke rather too far, and a decree of the parliament of the nineteenth of July 1623, obliged every man to be his own sword-bearer."

There is something truly noble in the French character—it is native to the people, and belongs to peasant and peer; here is an example:

"Is it the tide?" said we, in a whisper. The guide was stupefied. He grew as pale as death, and his knees seemed to bend under him. We looked round: we appeared to be mid-way between Saint-Michel and the coast. If this was actually the tide, the fleetest courser that ever ran could not distance it: but the thing was impossible. We had ascertained, before quitting the shore, that there were fully two hours to spare before the flowing of the sea; and, in spite of our circuitous route, that space of time could not nearly be elapsed.

"Wait," said we: "I shall ascertain in a moment whether this is a river or the sea; and we were about to step into the water to try (but without any doubt of the event) whether the quicksands were in motion."

"Sir," cried the guide, suddenly starting from his trance, and seizing our arm, "I engaged to conduct you in safety, and dry shod, to Saint-Michel; and, if it be the will of God, I shall do it. Sir, not an inch, except to keep your feet from sinking, until I return;" and so saying he dashed gallantly into the water. We at first, in the consciousness that there was no real danger, permitted ourselves to smile at the grave enthusiasm of the Frenchman; but presently the unworthy feeling gave place to admiration of his sense of honour, which could subdue so instantaneously the fear of death. He found the sand firm; and the supposed tide proved to be nothing else than the waters of the river spread out in this strange manner over the surface of the grève by the violence of the wind. We at length approached the fortified rock near enough to see that the path was dry to the very gates, although still at a considerable distance."

Mr. Ritchie describes the land and the people as he finds them: he sometimes, however, falls in with wandering exotics; on the road from Coutances to St. Lo, he met with a dear countryman and family in full travelling trim. Hogarth or Cruikshank would have made them immortal; Ritchie has given them a good lift on the way to celebrity.

"His wife and some half dozen children were crammed into a sort of cabriolet; while he himself, dressed in a very short grey coat and knee-breeches, trudged along by the horse's side, carrying a hunting-whip in one hand, and his wig in the other. A fishing-rod and fowling-piece were in the front of the vehicle, and two or three young pups occupied a hat-box, from which their voices came forth in an incessant yelp."

"The horse and cabriolet undoubtedly belonged to the pedestrian, for in these last days such articles are no longer trusted to the traveller's honesty; and there was besides so much

appearance of the substantial about the whole family and its appurtenances, that we were curious to know the reason why persons of staid and middle life should choose to vagabondize in France rather than remain quietly at home."

"We dismounted from our own vehicle (for the diligences in this part of the country do not go often enough to answer the purpose of a flying tourist), and tried our man in several ways; but it was all in vain. He did not like the country: but what of that?—he could change when he chose: nor the people; but why should he care two straws about them?—he paid his way."

"Famous cookery, however?" said we, trying again.

"Horrible! horrible!" was his reply. "Why, if they roast, they burn you black to the very marrow; and if they boil, they melt you into rags that taste like wet paper. Then their stews and friccasees, what are they?—answer me that. That's the question. I should like to know what they are? For my part, I never could, never can, and never shall eat anything that I am unable to name as beef, mutton, veal, and so forth, by the taste."

"But the catables themselves, if we could only teach them to cook—"

"The eatables!—horrible! Why their sheep stand as high as this horse, and are all legs. Eatables! I can't eat frogs—nor snails—nor serpents—nor robin-redbreasts—nor crows—nor swallows—not I! Why, it is impossible to get a meal in the whole country. I am just now going to Cherbourg to see after something to eat."

"Perhaps you have not tried far enough?" "Tried! Why, I have been everywhere—east, west, north, and south; and so has my wife, there, and Peter, and James, and Jacky, and Moll, and Sarah, and little Betsey, and Polly, the mother of these three pups. Haven't we, dears?"

"Yes, dear," said the spouse.

"Ay, father," cried the boys.

"Oui, Monsieur," lisped the girls.

"Yow! yow!" yelped the pups.

"But why choose Cherbourg, at last—almost the extreme point of the Norman peninsula?"

"Why, you must know," said our countryman, softening into a smile of complacency, and sinking his voice to a whisper—"you must know that we are going there to eat *rouget*!"

We have spent a few hours very much to our own satisfaction over this volume; we miss, nevertheless, as we did in Harding's book, such scenes as the arms of England have made famous in other lands and interesting in our own. But we suppose Agincourt is a dull place; that in Verneuil there is nothing pictorial; that Poitiers and Cressy are ploughed up; and the Somme, where Edward passed with all his English chivalry, is shrunk like the Scamander, into a ditch offering nothing to the eye of art.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY.—*Arabia*. By A. Crichton. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

Of the former volumes of this series we have spoken in terms of unqualified approbation; to those before us, we cannot grant an equal meed of praise, though they possess no inconsiderable share of merit. The compiler has succeeded admirably in the topographical description of the Arabic peninsula, but his history of the Arabs shows little critical skill, and no acquaintance with the peculiarities of the oriental character. Niebuhr was the first to point out the absurdity of attempting to rationalize a nation's roman-

tic history; the effort fails to extract truth, but it destroys the poetic beauty of national legends. The Spanish Cid, the Grecian Aristomenes, the Moorish Abencerrages, are personages whose real history we cannot hope to discover; but the legends which relate their exploits have nevertheless a historical value, because they illustrate national character, by showing what are the attributes a nation bestows upon its favourite heroes. Antar and Hatim Tai, the favourite heroes of Arabic romance, are perhaps mythological personages; but when Meidani, speaking of the latter, says, "Hatim was liberal, brave, wise, and victorious; when he fought, he conquered; when he plundered, he carried off; when he was asked, he gave; when he shot his arrow, he hit the mark; and whomsoever he took captive, he liberated;" we find in this brief sketch as complete a view of Arabic chivalry as volumes could supply. It is a great defect that the names of these heroes are not to be found in Mr. Crichton's summary.

The life of Mohammed disappointed us; because, from the preliminary observations, we were led to hope that the reformer of Mecca had at length found a worthy biographer. There are, however, some omissions and misrepresentations which greatly lessen its value; no notice is taken of Von Hammer's curious account of Mohammed's mother; the circumstances of the prophet's first introduction to the citizens of Medina, are omitted, though they manifestly furnish a key to the inconsistencies of his creed; the miracle of the dividing of the moon, and the night-journey to heaven, are taken from the most extravagant versions of both narratives; from versions disbelieved by the Mussulmans in every age and country. Finally, the dying words of Mohammed are misrepresented, the phrase he used was, "with my fellow-citizen on high," meaning, the angel Gabriel.

The history of Ali and his unfortunate family is very meagre; the account of the great schism, political and religious, occasioned by their pretensions, is obscure and inaccurate. Finally, the writer seems not to know that the chief heresies both in Mohammedanism and oriental Christianity, arose from the attempt to unite them with the mystic speculations of Persian theology. To this list of omissions many more might be added. When D'Oshon's allegorical frontispiece was copied, his explanation of it should have been left out; the singular circumstance of Abu Bekr's being named from his daughter should have been mentioned; the intrigues of Ayesha to prevent the succession of Ali, and the suspicions attached to her conduct during the last illness of Mohammed, ought surely to have occupied a conspicuous place in the early history of the Khaliphate; finally, the contrast between the chapters of the Koran revealed at Mecca, and those revealed at Medina, deserve more close examination than Mr. Crichton has bestowed upon it.

The sketch of the Saracenic conquests is spiritedly written and generally accurate, but if the writer has read the chronicles of Tabari, which he quotes, it is surprising that he should omit the characteristic anecdotes recorded by that pleasing historian. If his knowledge of Tabari is at second hand, he ought not to have claimed him as an original authority.

It would be difficult to discover what connexion the history of the Fatemite Khaliphs has with the history of Arabia; but when the subject was introduced, care should have been taken to treat it with something like accuracy; especially since the writings of Von Hammer have made the origin of that dynasty familiar "as household words." Makrezi's 'Khitat' is the great oriental authority for this portion of Saracenic history, but the most important parts of it may be found in Von Hammer's 'Geschichte der Assassinen.' Mr. Crichton has consulted neither the eastern nor the western writer; he is, therefore, silent, respecting the connexion of the Fatemites with the secret societies of the Ismaelians, and the formidable confraternity of the Assassins.

The errors and defects of these volumes are rendered more striking by the lofty pretensions set forth in the preface, and the use of such phrases as "the pompous arrogance of Gibbon;" Mr. Crichton should be more cautious in provoking criticism, or more diligent in his preparations for the encounter.

The chapters on the present government and natural productions of Arabia are carefully compiled, and contain much valuable information; where we have found so much to censure, we are glad to conclude with a word of praise.

We have read with great pleasure Mr. Fraser's announcement of 'Persia,' as the next work in this series; his modest prospectus is well calculated to conciliate favour, and command attention; if the execution of the work be equal to its plan, it will be amongst the best volumes in this the best of Libraries.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

LYRICS OF HOME.—No. V.

By H. F. Chorley.

MARIAN'S SORROW.

THOU, that sing'st when night is deep,
Wind of the South!
Cease, I pray thee! sink to sleep,
Wind of the South!
For, the while I sit alone,
Doth thy full and gentle tone
Bring a sadness all its own;
Wind of the South!
Now that blustering storms are dumb,
Wind of the South!
Teltest thou of Spring to come,
Wind of the South!
Spring—the joy of bird and bee,
Fresh young flower, and budding tree—
Mournful thoughts thou bring'st to me;
Wind of the South!
Tears I fain would try to stay,
Wind of the South!
Dreams of friendships past away,
Wind of the South!
And the shadows of the tomb
Rise and haunt my lonely room,
Muttering low of grief to come:
Wind of the South!
Hence, and stir becalmed waves,
Wind of the South!
Sing thy lay o'er grass-bound graves,
Wind of the South!
But, that Fancy may not wake,
Pictures of the past to make,—
Hence!—for love and pity's sake!
Wind of the South!

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

WHEN Burns published his poems, he did so, he said, because some might like to know how a peasant thought and felt: in like manner, and in the same spirit of humility, but with a consciousness of very inferior power, I propose to show how another peasant thinks and feels in matters which interest not his heart alone, but which have largely engaged the attention of the country—namely, the Biographical History and Character of British Literature, from the death of Johnson to that of Scott—a period of nearly fifty years. "Three things, besides a knowledge of the subject, are necessary for you in this matter," said an illustrious author to me, regarding a similar undertaking—"a clear head, an honest heart, and a good conscience." My knowledge is not so extensive as I could wish, nor is my head perhaps so clear; but I come to the task with perfect honesty of purpose, and with the determination of saying nothing save what I feel and believe.

There are two great eras in our island literature, which may be named the Elizabethan and the Georgian, after the princes who reigned when the sun of genius shone the brightest. In the former era, the human mind had recently escaped out of darkness into light: the discovery and the diffusion of printing opened up all the sealed fountains of heathen or holy knowledge; the flood which followed rose high on the mountains, and its mark has never since been reached, though sometimes approached—in the latter era, literary genius was influenced largely by the newly-awakened spirit of investigation: it descended from its flight in the realms of imagination; smiled at its early beliefs; ridiculed ancient influences; and, in many instances, discarding fancy, proceeded to dissect and anatomize, desecrating all the while with much bitterness on the corrupt condition of the body political and social. In the days of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, imagination ruled and reigned; poetry lived much in the upper air, and, like the lark, sang best when nearest heaven;—in the days of Cowper, Burns, Byron, Crabbe, and Scott, the voice of song was more frequently heard from lower elevations; matters of a less regal kind furnished subjects for the Muse; the occupation of the high places, by the elder spirits of poesie, compelled her to seek humbler and obscurer spots, whence she might indulge her passions and her fancies, and pour her desultory song. In the Elizabethan era, the literature of the land was essentially poetical; the subjects chosen scarcely admitted of being treated in prose; and the master spirits of the time looked on it as a matter of chivalry, to maintain the elevation which inspiration claimed. In the Georgian era, prose has not risen, but poetry has descended: we have no prose of a more vigorous or varied nature than that of Dryden; and we have no poetry of the lofty and regal character of the 'Paradise Lost.' Our poets have, in general, selected tasks of a familiar, and sometimes homely kind: they have chosen themes which the muses of Spenser and Milton would have spurned; and we cannot help feeling that not a few long and elaborate songs have been sung during the Hanoverian dynasty, which, in point of subject and sentiment, belong to the realm of prose. Nevertheless, the muse maintains, though with difficulty, her pre-eminence, and sits as yet on the higher peak of the hill.

The character of our literature when Johnson died, and before the song of Cowper was listened to, or Burns had begun to sing, was of a very varied kind. Poetry had been polished down till little remained save glitter; and of the voice

of the Muse we heard nothing, save the melodious sound, like the singing of a fine lady. The poems of Ossian, which gave a new tone to the poetry of the continent, and in which we hear the true old note of Celtic song, had no influence in England: Thomson, Collins, and Gray, in whom nature lived, were dead and gone; Churchill was less of a poet than a satirist; Johnson's lamp of verse was a borrowed one, and his song laboured and artificial; Falconer, before he sailed in the *Aurora*, had shown us that beauty could come, as Venus of old, from the great deep; the Wartons, too, had drunk at the pure old well of English undefiled; Darwin's song was of nature, but the strain was artificial and the sentiments affected; the laborious splendour and put-on raptures of Hayley, went for nothing with the human heart; Wolcott, weak, and coarse, and captious, addressed the feeble shafts of his unceremonious verse against the Court and the Academy; while Miss Seward sung so as to attract the notice of Sir Walter Scott and her own little coterie, in which she moved like a light in a dark lantern. The paths of nature and passion were forsaken; the muse, with artificial flowers in her locks and an embroidered train, left the wild wood glade and the river bank, to twang her harp by the side of pumped waters and architectural cascades, with nymphs of stone, and fauns with cloven heel sitting among flowers and shrubs, brought into the sunshine from the conservatory. Much of this must be attributed to the strictures of Johnson, who, in a series of criticisms unequalled for sagacity, acuteness, and sarcasm, seemed desirous of bringing much of what has since made Cowper and Burns immortal, into discredit: he ridiculed the true pastoral of real life; and, in preferring the veneer versification of Hoole to the deep rapture and simplicity of Fairfax, supported the artificial against the natural, and made poetry rather a matter of elaborate monotony, than of varied feeling and heart-felt sentiment.

The prose of our literature was, during this period, of far greater reach and vigour than our verse: it is a question if it ever sunk so low as our poetry did. A number of masculine spirits arose in succession to maintain the dignity of literature. Warburton was one of the foremost; in him learning adorned nature without oppressing it. Johnson—more particularly in his 'Lives of the Poets'—showed a colossal intellect; in those matchless Memoirs he exhibited such knowledge of human life—such skill in the delineation of character—such sagacity in the detection of faults—such insight into the sources of poetic inspiration, as no one mind perhaps ever before displayed—all this, too, was expressed in a style at once masculine and melodious, where every word conveys meaning, and every sentence teems with thought. Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, took their stations on the firm table-land of history, and introduced scientific elegance of arrangement, and philosophical accuracy of reasoning, into the narratives of broils and bloodshed—into the monotony of king succeeding king—the miseries of disputed successions and civil wars. Hume, in a style simple, unaffected, and vigorous, related the fortunes of England, from the days of Julius Cesar to the Revolution which set aside our ancient line of princes: he traced the constitution of his country from the first glimmer of the lamp of freedom till the light became fixed and permanent; and painted the social and political condition of the people, through all the vicissitudes of their fortunes. Robertson, amid all the visible labour

of his long and harmonious periods, shows great knowledge of his subject, and great skill in handling it; in clear description, in the picturing forth of characters and events, he is, perhaps, unequalled; or if equalled at all, it is by Gibbon.

The 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' is, without doubt, the most noble history ever produced: the subject is the greatest that a historian could choose, and Gibbon is always master of it; he is deeply learned, yet he uses his learning with ready ease: like the secondary lights in a picture, it is always visible and always in its proper place. In picturesque splendour of narrative, clear discrimination, characteristic grouping, or in expressing in one passage the result of whole histories, I hold him without an equal: his style is too ornate; and he gives us a sneer sometimes for a sentiment, and irony for reasoning; but, as we said of Johnson, every word conveys a meaning, and every sentence teems with thought. Others hardly inferior to those leading spirits flourished at the same time, north as well as south. Nor was oratory silent: Burke, in a series of speeches which, for classic beauty, harmonious vigour, far-reaching sagacity, profound speculation, and fiery, yet regulated ecstasy of thought, are perhaps unequalled in ancient or modern times, stood like a giant even amid such men as Pitt, Fox, Grattan, and Sheridan.

While yet many of these eminent persons lived, a change took place among the nations, which not only affected the social and political condition of man, but wrought a revolution in our literature, now more or less visible in the chief works of the leading spirits of our times. A Republic was established in America, and a Republic was attempted in France. This had been foretold by signs which could not be misunderstood. The people of America, sprung from those who were mostly sufferers for conscience or freedom's sake, were grown rich, numerous, and intelligent; they resolved no longer to be treated as dependents; but, taking the attitude of freemen, demanded to be represented, since they were to be taxed. This was resisted in blood—we know the result; but as yet the end was not. France with a blind policy had drawn the sword of despotism in the cause of freedom, and, succeeding in the strife, came home a convert to the cause she had espoused. She turned her eyes to contemplate her own condition; all was alien to the new notions she had acquired, and she longed for change: this had been for some time silently preparing. The literature of the land, subjected to the government and to the church, fretted in its fetters, and forthwith assailed all who exercised power, with ridicule as cutting as a sharpened sword, and with sarcasm and irony more venomous than a poisoned arrow. The Revolution followed. The upset of an ancient monarchy, with all its deep-rooted dependencies, and the establishment of a Republic in its place, could not happen without moving the minds and touching the hearts of remote nations; even in our own island we were deeply moved. Here, where the King is nothing, and the Parliament everything—where, if oppression comes, it comes from the many—where the constitution is open to all who comprehend its mysteries—where the law is so long in deciding, that passion has time to cool—and where we may speak our minds without fear of the knout or the fetter—men longed for more liberty. Nobles signed themselves citizens—ladies assumed the dress, and, with the dress, the freedom of the free dames of Paris—sculptors modelled kings disrowned and offered up on the altar of independence—bards sung of the nobility of genius and of men who held the patent of their honours from God alone: in short, freedom coloured the speech of the orator—the sermon of the priest; and wherever two or three were met together, their talk was of liberty and equality, of the reign of reason and

opinion, and of the golden age of knowledge, the eating of whose fruit would be unaccompanied with a curse.

Literature—most of it at least—changed its tone and aspect with the times. Our prose could gain little in dignity from any alteration; but the clang and uproar of the events we have alluded to, awoke the muses from their stupor or trance, and Cowper in England, and Burns in Scotland, gave utterance to their emotions in the language of life and feeling—nature was restored once more to British song. It is true, that both those eminent poets were in the enjoyment of fame before the French Revolution; but it is also true that the chief poem of the first was unwritten, and all the poetry of the second, when the independence of America had been fought for and won. I do not, however, expressly claim for them an exclusive inspiration arising from the disturbed and yeasty state of public feeling; no doubt, their own noble natures inclined them to indulge in free and unshackled song; but I consider that this natural yearning was stimulated and strengthened by the free and investigating tone in which men indulged, both in public and private; and I look upon this to be a more rational way of accounting for the change which took place, than by imputing it, as an eminent critic has done, to the influence of Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' It should be borne in mind, that the beautiful ballads published by Percy were not new; that they were familiar to all well-informed Englishmen as household words, and had all along exercised an influence, to a certain extent, over all minds alive to natural emotion and rude nervous language. Be that as it may, a salutary reformation was wrought—the muses were brought back from the rattle and the go-cart to lift their voices as of old; and the isle of Britain, east and west, north and south, broke out into voluntary song.

Having thus drawn briefly the character of our former literature, and indicated the nature of the change which took place, I shall proceed to the fulfilment of my plan, and, in a connected series of Critical Biographies, give an account of our POETRY, ROMANCE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, the DRAMA, and CRITICISM. I shall draw my information from the best sources to which I have access, and sketch the characters of the dead and the living with all possible impartiality. To secure this, I have come under no obligations for information; and I write chiefly from a memory seldom faithless in matters concerning genius.

BRITISH POETRY.

COWPER.—At the head of that illustrious band of poets, who restored natural emotion and the language of life to British song, stands William Cowper. He was of noble extraction, and counted kin with Lord Chancellors and Earls; he was studious in youth, fond of verse, and was bred to the law—a more congenial employment for a follower of the muse than many seem willing to admit: Scott may be cited as an example of a not unsuccessful union of the two. Cowper, however, inherited from his mother a natural timidity, which rendered him too sensitive to be successful in a line which requires a hardihood of mind, and a certain assurance, to which in vain he tried to harden his faculties: this constitutional infirmity, by preventing him from being installed as a clerk in the House of Lords, ruined his fortune and secured his fame. The pain of his failure threw him on religion; the study of the Scriptures threw him upon poetry; and as his works began to be talked of in the world, and bring fame to their author, the gloom which had settled down like a cloud on his soul passed off, and the man and the poet shone out like the sun at noonday. There is nothing finer in all the range of biography than the history of Cowper, when the voice of fame and the inquiry

of noble relatives after the lost and secluded man, brought him forth from his solitude. His letters, which before were filled with fears for the present and doubts for the future, became cheerful and gay; his muse indulged in a bolder and more original strain; and he came out in the sunshine to enjoy the melody of birds and brooks, and the society of the young and the lovely.

In the year 1782, Cowper made his appearance in the world as a poet. He published—1. 'Table Talk'; 2. 'Progress of Error'; 3. 'Truth'; 4. 'Expostulation'; 5. 'Hope'; 6. 'Charity'; 7. 'Conversation'; and 8. 'Retirement'. Their names indicate their characters; and it may be further said, that his aim in all is, to communicate to the world his own perceptions of the beauty, and truth, and consolation of religion. This is a common task, and belongs to the pulpit; but it was not executed in a common way: the language is terse, vigorous, and happy—there are snatches of stern satire, and pictures of moral loveliness scattered as thick and as beautiful as flowers on an unown meadow. The world wondered who this new monitor might be, and critics were not wanting, who, judging poetry by the music of its bells, hesitated to admit that his verse belonged to inspiration. Towards the close of the year 1784—about the time that Johnson died—appeared Cowper's noblest poem, 'The Task.' In accounting for the odd name, he says in his preface, "A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the author, and gave him the *Sofa* for a subject. He obeyed, and, having much leisure, connected another subject with it; and pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair—a volume." 'The Task' was received with an all but universal welcome: it contained so many moving pictures of men and manners—such fine landscapes of all seasons, filled with the breathing inhabitants of the land, and gave the beauties and the deformities of all, with a fidelity at once brilliant and delicate. It is impossible to describe this fine poem better than by saying that it treats, in a masterly way, of all that affects us here, or influences us hereafter; that it pleads the cause of the poor and the desolate in the presence of the rich; admonishes the rich of their duty to their country, their cottars, and their God; takes the senate to task; shakes the scourge of undying verse over the pulpit; holds a mirror before the profligacy of cities till they shudder at their own shadow, and exhibit to the hills and dales of the country, an image of the follies of their sons and daughters. The satire was lively, discerning, and keen; the pathos without puling, and the tenderness had strength. The poet wandered, it is true, from topic to topic; yet he bound the remotest things together in the bands of sympathy and wit. The verse is free, unrestrained, and vigorous; and though some acute critics averred that it sounded like that of the 'Night Thoughts,' it is original in structure, language, and sentiment. Is this the voice of the epigrammatic Young?

How in the name of soldiership and sense
Should England prosper, when such things as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet,
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight,—when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause!

Cowper's next great work was the Translation of Homer: the fidelity and graphic vigour of his versions of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, are not so warmly welcomed by the world as they will yet be. The smooth and flowing melody of Pope charms the public ear; yet Cowper is more than his match in the gentler passages; take, for instance, the description of the *Cestus of Venus*:

It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
And music of restless whispered sounds,
Which from the wisest win their best resolves.

In the loftier parts, too, he was alike masterly. The descent of Apollo, in the first book, reveals the god in all his terror and beauty:

Down from Olympus, with his radiant bow,
And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung,
Marched in his anger: shaken as he moved,
His rattling arrows told of his approach.

The arming of Achilles contains a sterner picture:—

Amidst them all Achilles arm'd;
He gnashed his teeth, fire glimmered in his eyes,
Anguish intolerable wrung his heart,
And fury against Troy, whilst he put on
Those glorious arms, the labour of a god.

The latter years of this great poet's life were clouded and mournful. He lived long bereft of reason; and though now and then favoured with glimpses of returning consciousness, his understanding was never wholly restored. He was mild, gentle, and upright, and so retiring and timid, that he regarded strangers with apprehension: his friends loved him with no ordinary tenderness; yet among those associates there were some who molested him with fears that innocent gaiety was in itself sinful, riding in a coach vanity, and keeping company with the titled ones of the earth, unacceptable on high. He was born in 1731, and died in 1800, leaving a reputation not destined soon to fade.

BURNS.—The poet whose character I have endeavoured to delineate was highly born and well educated; the poet of whom I am now to write was, by birth, a peasant, and his education was according to his station. Robert Burns was born on the banks of Doon, near the old kirk of Alloway, 25th January, 1759: his early years were spent in toil too severe for even his vigour of body; he threshed in the barn, reaped, mowed, and held the plough, before he was fifteen; nor when he grew up to manhood did this drudgery promise to end in ease and comfort. Such was his untoward fortune, that he saw nothing better for him, he said, in looking down the dim vista of futurity, than the moil of a galley slave, and the old age of a public mendicant. The light of poetic dawned on him amid all this darkness; his sensibility was deep; his passions overflowing and strong; and he loved—nay, we may say, adored, whatever was gentle and beautiful. He had an eloquent word and an inspired song for every fair face that smiled on him; and a witty saying and a fierce lampoon for every rustic who thwarted or contradicted him. He imputed his first inspiration to love: the loveliness and simplicity of a young girl, who reaped in harvest by his side, drew forth his first song; and his latest was addressed to a haughtier and higher beauty, to whom he had once in vain poured out the richest incense the muse had to offer. It is remark-worthy, that the most natural and impassioned songs in the whole compass of our literature were written by a ploughman-lad in honour of the rustic lasses around him.

While his father lived, he wrought under his direction with a willing and anxious hand; and when he died, he wrought with the same diligence to support his mother and his brothers and sisters, who, but for his help, had been desolate. Barren ground, bad seasons, and bad seed, united to render his toils unavailing: his passions, too, became his enemies, and he saw nothing better for him than to emigrate to the West Indies, and under a kindlier sun endeavour to mend his fortunes. Before his departure, however, he determined to publish his poems and songs; but there were no Tonsons or Murrays in Kyle; there were, nevertheless,

Aikens, Hamiltons, and Parkers, who so effectually aided his views, that he was enabled, in July, 1786, to send forth a little volume, laden with all his hopes, to the world. Never was poet's song received with so much affection, and even rapture. The volume, we may say, flew from cottage to hall, and from hall to castle; the farmer at his plough, the shepherd with his flock, the country maiden at her wheel, were not less moved than were the well educated, the college bred, the high born, and the far descended. Nor was it any wonder, for the poems were all life and energy, and bore the impress of a warm heart and a mind of the highest order. They abounded with passions and opinions fresh from nature; contained vivid pictures of domestic happiness, rustic gladness, and the raptures of innocent love. The wit of the clouted shoe was there without its coarseness; there was a prodigality of humour, but no grossness; a pathos ever natural and manly; a social tenderness that readily allied itself with mirth; and a sublime morality which, avoiding moroseness, sought to soothe and elevate. To a love of human nature he added an affection for the flowers of the valley, the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field: he acknowledged the tie of social sympathy which bound his heart to all created things, and carried his universal goodwill so far, as to entertain hopes of universal redemption, and the restoration of the doomed spirits to power and lustre. All this, and much more, was told in the language of humble life, in a dialect reckoned barbarous by scholars, but which, coming from the lips of inspiration, became classic and elevated.

The name of Burns, and the fame of his poetry, flashed like sunshine over the land, and, as Byron said of himself, he lay down to sleep obscure, and awoke eminent. The first scholars of Scotland courted his acquaintance; and the highest and the lowest names in the country were huddled together in the subscription for a new edition of his works. He was invited to Edinburgh, where Blair called him the Lowland Ossian; Burnet took him to his evening parties, where he drank wine out of bottles wreathed with flowers, in the manner of the ancients; Mackenzie handed him to a wider fame in a generous and venturous critique; and the Duchess of Gordon admired his wit, and took his arm as she walked from the drawing-room to the supper table. The inspired Peasant of the West was received and entertained as a sort of wonder: he was exhibited at the tables of the great, that they might make merry with him, as the lords of the Philistines of old with Samson; lords nodded approbation to the sallies of his wit, and ladies sat round him in ring, fanning his forehead with their plumes, surprised with his untutored eloquence. Some pension, post, or place, was expected by the country to be bestowed on the poet: one wrote to him that the government would surely do something; a second hinted at royal patronage; while a third, wiser than any, whispered, "return to the fanners and the furrowed field, and be independent." He was praised, caressed, and feasted, till the taste for things rustic was cloyed, and men desired to see something new; lords and ladies neglected to invite him; and when they met him by chance, saluted him coldly, or passed him with averted eyes. He stayed for nearly a whole year in Edinburgh, and seeing at last that his hopes were vain, retired in deep anger and disgust to Nithsdale; took the farm of Ellisland from Miller of Dalswinton; married Jean Armour, and resolved to be prudent and laborious. But all his speculations regarding independence were doomed to be unfortunate: the farm required more attention than the poet was disposed to bestow on it; he resigned it; accepted a situation in the Excise, and lived in the hopes of rising to the station of supervisor.

"The luckless star that ruled his lot" interposed; he felt, as the world now feels, that his country had neglected him; and, in the bitterness of disappointed hope, spoke too freely about freedom, the natural dignity of genius, and the fame which talents bring, compared to the rank which a king bestows. He was given to understand that his hopes of preferment were blasted; and his continuing in his humble office depended on his silence. He survived this degradation a year or more, but never held up his head again: he died in the summer of 1796, more of a broken heart than of any other illness.

In person, Burns was tall, well made, and muscular, and of such strength and activity, that few could match him in the toil which husbandry requires. His forehead was broad, his hair inclining to curl, his visage very swarthy, his eyes large, dark, and lustrous, and his voice deep and manly. As a poet he stands in the first rank. His conceptions are all original; his thoughts are new and weighty; his style unborrowed; and he owes no honour to the subjects which his muse selected, for they are ordinary, and such as would have tempted no poet, save himself, to sing about. All he has written is distinguished by a happy carelessness; a fine elasticity of spirit; and a singular felicity of expression—by the ardour of an impassioned heart and the vigour of a clear understanding. His language is familiar, yet dignified; careless, yet concise; he sheds a redeeming light on all he touches; whatever his eye glances on rises into life and beauty. Of Beauty itself, he has written with more fervour and inspiration than all other modern poets put together; the compliments he pays are destined to live while we have loveliness in the land:—

There's naught but care on every han',
In every hour that passes,
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses!
Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses.

He is the poet of freedom as well as of beauty; his song of the Bruce, his "Man's a Man for a' that," and others of the same mark, will endure while the language lasts. Peace be with his great and injured spirit!

CRABBE.—I have seen a long and ingenious critical comparison drawn between Burns and Crabbe; the resemblance lay most in the writer's fancy, for in all, save humility of subject, they are unlike. Burns flies, Crabbe creeps; the Scotsman is all fiery energy, buoyant feeling, and kindly sympathy with the woes and joys of man; the Englishman is a cold and remorseless dissector, who pauses, with the streaming knife in his hands, to explain how strongly the blood is tainted, what a gangrene is in the liver, how completely the sources of health are corrupted, and that the subject is a thorough bad one. The former mourns over human frailty; the latter crucifies it. Yet those who like to look at the sad estate into which husbandmen have fallen in these our latter days of "tolls and taxes," and compare the peasant pacified, but not filled, with the parish spoon, sitting with his children in the dust,

Half mad, half fed, half sarkit,
with those strong-nerved yeomen, and their grass-fields, cows, and cottages, who twanged their victorious bows at Agincourt, may consult George Crabbe.

He was born in the year 1754, at Aldborough, in Suffolk; received a classical education at Cambridge; studied surgery with the intention of practising it, but, not succeeding, turned his thoughts on the church. In the church, men sometimes rise by merit; more frequently by patronage: to secure the latter, Crabbe wrote

and published, in the year 1783, a poem called 'The Village.' He commenced as he concluded; he is the poet of reality, and of reality in humble life; he discards at once all the illusions of the muse, and sings "the honest, open, naked truth." To him, the Daisy of Burns, covered with beauty and diffusing fragrance, would have been but a weed; and the Mouse, surrounded with images of moral sympathy, and even terror, a creature worthy of the hob-nailed heel and the "murdering pattle." His views in verse are thus expressed in 'The Village':—

The village life, and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains;
What labour yields, and what, that labour past,
Age in its hour of languor finds at last;
What form the real picture of the poor,
Demand a song—the muse can give no more.

He goes on to say, that the muses of old sung of happy rustics, because they were unacquainted with the sorrows of their condition; for his own part, he disdains to hide the ills of life under poetic trappings, and resolves

To paint the cot
As truth will paint it, and as bards will not.

That he saw only misery and depravity in the rustics around him, was, we suspect, the fault of his own eyes; for our part, we consider that happiness is pretty equally diffused among the children of men; the hind, when he has turned his stipulated number of furrows, goes home rejoicing; the dairy-maid, when she surveys her ranks of bowls, mantling with yellow cream, or sees the rich butter follow the plunges of the churn-staff; nay, the ragged mortal who sweeps a crossing, and with a piteous face holds out the reliques of an old hat to catch the halfpence pitched, not given, by the hasty passer by, are all as happy, perhaps happier than ministers of state, or lords of high degree approaching the throne, and whispering

A secret word or two, man.

I know not what Fox, and Burke, and Johnson, thought of 'The Village,' and the lazar-house pictures which it contained; but this is certain, the author obtained a small appointment in the church, and silenced for twenty-seven years the stern tongue of his muse.

He had been forgotten by poets and critics when he published 'The Parish Register,' and in the year 1810, burst out upon the world with 'The Borough,' a Poem; it was found that time had increased his intensity of observation; had sharpened his sense of character, and improved his manner of communicating his notions to the world; but had not brightened the moral darkness of his early landscapes, nor shown him, with Burns, how much happiness and virtue the roofs of fifty smoking cabins covered. Alms-houses, hospitals, and prisons, with their paupers, their diseases, and their felons, are subjects little grateful to poetry. In this work—strong as it is in originality of character, and brief, clear, and decided, as most of its pictures are—the poet mistook, or eluded, the aim and purpose of poetry. He has given a Newgate Calendar in verse. If, weary with work, and sick of the cares of the world, we seek consolation in Crabbe, as we do in almost all other poets, instead of being soothed and elevated above our nature with the divinity of song, we should think of the grave—of a sixpenny leap into eternity from the top of the FINE Monument. No; God deliver us from Crabbe in the hour of depression. Pictures of moral, and mental, and bodily degradation, are frequent through all his works; he is one of Job's chief comforters to the people; he shows the misery of their estate on earth, and then consoles them with the healing doctrine, that "Hell was not made for dogs." This "Come curse me, Jacob, and come defy me, Israel" sort of style, is as unjust as it is unpoetic. I hold it to be bad taste, too, in the muse, to shut her

right eye on all the virtues, and open her left eye on all the vices and miseries of man, and then pitching her voice to a tone sarcastic and dolorous, sing of nothing but the crying crimes and running sores of human nature. There is something wrong in the mind or taste of the poet who looks on creatures with ragged clothes and unswept houses, as utterly fallen and reprobate; and who dips his brush in the lake of darkness, and paints merry old England as a vagrant and a strumpet.

It is pleasing to turn from the stern—nay, terrible pictures of Crabbe, to his more soft, graceful, and touching delineations; it is these which enable us to endure the misery of his more elaborate sketches, and which, like a spring amid burning sands, cheer and refresh us, and connect the poet with the kindlier sympathies of human nature. Had he mingled these more frequently with his gloomier strains; had he given as much of the good as of the evil of life, he would have obtained a place in our hearts next to Cowper and Burns, who, of all modern poets, have appealed most extensively to the general feelings of mankind. It would form a curious chapter in biography, to examine how little the works of men correspond with their nature. Crabbe was meek and affectionate; gentle and generous; gave largely to the poor; nay, followed them from his door, when servants had repulsed them, and made amends both with tongue and hand. His poetry, instead of coming fresh from the heart, was the offspring of a system early settled and constantly followed; he had determined that his muse, instead of walking like a pastoral damsel barefoot among flowers, and crushing fragrant berries at every step, should rough it among the thorns and briars of the world; and for the cheering and mirth-awakening songs of the elder muses, should weep and wail, tear her hair, gnash her teeth, and refuse to be comforted. As a man, he was widely beloved; and as a clergyman, deeply respected. He was particularly anxious about the education of the poor, and gave much of his time to its furtherance. The Sunday School was his favourite place of resort: he loved to sit and listen to the children; and strangers, who desired to see the venerable and inspired man, usually went there between seven and eight in the evening—such visits were frequent. To a friend who called towards the close of his life, he said, pointing to the children, "I love them much; and now old age has made me a fit companion for them." He died, 8th February, 1832, in the 78th year of his age. The people of Trowbridge closed their windows, and many went into mourning from respect to his memory.

ROGERS.—If we observe in the strains of Crabbe, a leaning to the sneering and the cynical, we meet with no such unwelcome things in the works of Samuel Rogers: like Crabbe, he is distinguished for a terseness of expression; for thinking correctly and writing clearly; for loving scenes of humble life, and preferring landscapes which, like those of Gainsborough, belong more to reality than imagination. Here the resemblance ends; the tasteful muse of Rogers selects topics of a pure and poetic order; he refuses to unlatch the door of the lazar-house; he delights in contemplating whatever is fair and beautiful; and has no wish to describe Eden for the sake of showing the Evil Spirit crawling among the trees, and lying like a toad at the ear of beauty and innocence to inspire mischief.

There are three poems, all of original merit, with something of similarity in title—the 'Pleasures of Imagination'—the 'Pleasures of Hope'—and the 'Pleasures of Memory.' With the titles the similitude ends. The poem of Aken-side is for the present, that of Campbell for the future, and that of Rogers for the past. There is most fine poetry in the first, most enthusiasm

in the second, and most human nature in the third. 'The Pleasures of Memory' was published in the year 1792, and became at once popular. To the spirit of original observation, to the fine pictures of men and manners, and to the remarks on the social and domestic condition of the country, which mark the disciples of the newer school of verse, are added the tenderness, smoothness, and harmony of the old. The poem abounds with happy and brilliant hits; with passages which remain on the memory, and may be said to please rather than enchant one; to take silent possession of the heart, rather than fill it with immediate rapture. Hazlitt, with something of that perverseness, which even talent is not without, said, the chief fault of Rogers was want of genius and taste. Perhaps in the whole list of living men of genius, no one can be named whose taste in poetry is so just and delicate. This is apparent in every page of his compositions; nay, he is even fastidious in his taste, and rejects much in the pictures of manners and feelings which he paints, which other authors, whose taste is unquestioned, would have used without scruple. His diction is pure, and his language has all the necessary strength without being swelling or redundant: his words are always in keeping with the sentiment. He has, in truth, great strength; he says much in small compass, and may sometimes be charged with a too great anxiety to be brief and terse. It was the error of the school in which his taste was formed, to be over anxious about the harmony and polish of the verse; and he may be accused of erring with his teachers. Concerning the composition of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' it is related that he corrected, transposed, and changed, till he exhausted his own patience, and then turning to his friends, he demanded their opinions, listening to every remark, and weighing every observation. This plan of correction is liable to serious objections. The poet is almost sure of losing in dash and vigour more than what he gains by correctness; and, as a whole, the work is apt to be injured, while individual parts are bettered. Poetry is best hit off at one heat of the fancy: the more it is hammered and wrought on, the colder it becomes. The sale of 'The Pleasures of Memory' continued to be large, though 'The Pleasures of Hope' came into the market.

Rogers was some thirty years old when his first poem was published; when his second appeared he was fifty. A great change had come over the world in the interval: the little world of the muse had undergone a sort of revolution. A number of eminent poets had arisen—not men who, like Gray, were content to print one small volume, and then remain silent—but bards who poured out, fast and bright, a succession of epic poems and rhyme romances, all long compositions, and who promised more. Nor was this all; with the exception of Campbell, the whole of those poets, from natural impulse or taste, had strung their harps to other melody than what had hitherto charmed: they were not content with filling the market with poetic wares; they changed pattern and texture, and led away the public taste from a commodity which had been fashionable for a century. With all these drawbacks, 'The Voyage of Columbus' was favourably received; the story of that navigator's wondrous undertaking is indeed ever interesting; we peruse and reperuse the tale of his fortunes with undiminished interest, and set him down as one of the most undaunted heroes of Christian chivalry. The whole undertaking is of itself poetic; no one can take away, add, or embellish; and it is to the credit of Rogers's taste, that he sought, by a succession of scenes, copied from the picturesque events of the voyage, to bring the whole before the reader's fancy. In this he succeeded; yet the poem did not make its way so readily to men's hearts as the 'Plea-

asures of Memory.' Little that was new was said about Columbus; and I believe I am right in saying, that we prefer history in prose to history in verse.

Some two years or so after the publication of 'Columbus,' the poem of 'Jacqueline' made its appearance, accompanied by the poem of 'Lara,' by Byron. This was an injudicious step; it was not possible for the muse of the elder bard to have fair play: the world was bewitched with the genius of the young one; was desirous of redressing the grievous wrong done him by the *Edinburgh Review*; and, moreover, knowing that he was a little wild and whimsical, looked for some of his personal adventures in the burning rhymes which he wrote. The mild, the amiable, and the graceful Jacqueline, was an unfit companion for the moody, mysterious, and revengeful Lara. With how little justice 'Jacqueline' was looked coldly on, may be gathered from the following fine passage: others as good, and some better, abound.

Soon as the sun the glittering pane
On the red floor in diamonds threw,
His songs she sung, and sung again,
Till the last light withdrew.
Every day, and all day long,
He mused or slumbered to a song.
But she is dead to him, to all!
Her lute hangs silent on the wall;
And on the stairs and at the door
Her fairy foot is heard no more!
At every meal an empty chair
Tells him that she is not there.

This ill-assorted union was dissolved by the bookseller; no estrangement, however, took place between the poets; they were frequently to be seen and found together: Moore, and, for a time, Campbell, were added to the coterie, and many jests were scattered about Lara and Jacqueline, and much wine consumed. Some one said to Byron, it was a Sternhold and Hopkins sort of affair. Rogers aspired no more to tell true-love stories, either serious or comic: he probably desired to read his noble companion a lesson in his next essay, which was the poem entitled 'Human Life.' This work stands high in public esteem; it contains passages worthy of any poet: the chief fault is the breadth and length of the subject. It is seldom, I fear, that the sad condition of man is changed, or his morals amended, by gentle verse and by courteous admonition. When the poet makes every touch of his satiric thong tell on the culprit like a Russian knout, his powers are respected; but Rogers had no desire to tie up human nature and give it a flogging; he passed it under a tender and merciful review, and spoke of it as a work honourable to its maker. The poet saw only the bright side of the scene;—a man with choice fruits on his garden walls, fine wines on his sideboard, savoury dishes done to a turn on his table, and money in the bank to work while he sleeps, will not likely think that human life is a gift scarce worth receiving. He loved to look at man

Well fed, well lodged, and gently handled.

His last poem is that called 'Italy'; it abounds with fine passages, with descriptions which have all the brightness of Claude's landscapes, and with groups which have the invention of Flaxman and the gracefulness of Chantrey. It may be instanced as a confirmation of my opinion of his taste, that he has illustrated this work by aid of the pencils of Stothard and Turner, in a way so beautiful, that it surpasses all other works in the exquisite grace and simplicity of its embellishments.

Rogers is the only affluent worshipper of the muse—he is a banker, and as such bears an honest name; he lives in St. James's Place, and has some choice pictures by his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many matters rare and curious; among which, the agreement of Milton regarding

'Paradise Lost,' and of Dryden respecting his translation of Virgil, both bearing their signatures, are the most remarkable. He is, in all respects, an accomplished gentleman; he has always borne his fame and fortune meekly; his conversation is rich and various, concise and epigrammatic. He has lived much in the society of the learned, the noble, and the inspired; and of all whom he knew he has something clever to relate. He has lived some seventy years in the world, and, as he has seen much, and is not without a spirit of observation, his *Reminiscences* would make a surpassing book. He has the best taste in painting of any of our poets, nor is his sense of sculpture inferior.

SCOTT.—Several of the leading poets of our day have been inspired with the present—Sir Walter Scott was inspired with the past. To him, as a poet, the world before his eyes was encumbered with matters too mean for his muse; she scorned communion with the times, out of which the soul of chivalry had been crushed, from which picturesque splendour had departed, and in which there was no pomp and antique revelry. She looked on the world around, and seeing it filled with steam-engines, spinning-jennies, and men laying down rail-roads, or teaching water to run within walls of hewn stone, and other mechanical and rule-of-three sort of things—glanced back on other days, where she saw so much according to her own taste and spirit, that she strung her harp, and sung of the princes of the Stuart line, and of the chiefs of the Northern chivalry, with all their combats in the lists, their meetings on the battle field, their masking, and their minstrelsy. In other words, the school in which he formed and prepared himself, was that of the old metrical romances: at born, and educated as he was among scenes of feudal warfare and romantic song, and in the bosom of a people who cherished the memory of gallant deeds and the names of those who achieved them, his song could not well be otherwise. He was come, too, of a warlike race: his maternal ancestor slew in battle one of the princes of England; and his ancestors in the male line figured in the wars of the Parliament, and one of them was in arms for the Stuarts.

He was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771; was lame of the right foot from a child, and sickly, and much under the care of his grandmother. In this school of indulgence he grew strong, self-willed, and fond of all pastimes that required boldness as well as invention. His classic lore no one has praised: a love of literature came early on him, with a leaning to poetry and romance; and he was distinguished among his schoolfellows for a skill and tact in telling stories of haunted castles and of knightly feuds. When some sixteen years old or so, he had an opportunity of displaying the line of his reading in the presence of Burns, who, fixing his bright black eyes on him, said, "This boy will be heard of yet." He studied the law, but his heart was with the muse; and it is remarkable, that, though well read in the regular romances, as well as in modern poetry, his first attempt was in ballad verse; and there is extant a letter from Monk Lewis, proving that even of that simple kind of stanza he could not be called the master. His rhymes were not for the eye, but for the singer, who can drown inharmonious terminations in floods of fine sound. Though there is much vigour and picturesque beauty in some of these early essays, the ballad of 'Glenfinlas' was the first poem which gave evidence of genius. It is, indeed, a masterly composition: it unites the spiritual world with the material, gallantry in arms with lady-love—the image of the North is stamped legibly upon it. Other ballads, scarcely inferior, followed; and these were gathered into a collection—'The Minstrelsy

of the Scottish Border,' in which many of the martial and romantic legends of our ancestors appeared for the first time. This work is distinguished by great knowledge of tradition, history, and poetry. Having secured the national ballads in a fit sanctuary, he turned his thoughts to original and higher matters.

In the year 1805, when the poet was thirty-five years of age, he published 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' a poem which has some of the tenderest passages he ever wrote—some most lovely pictures of gentleness and female grace, and scenes full of martial ardour and poetic energy. The story is a little mystical; and though grammar is called in to aid in solving difficult things, there is little done—a knight vanquished, a maiden won, and a castle rescued—but what could have been effected by ordinary means. The spirit of old Scotland, in the days when she had a crown on her head, and glory of her own, is impressed on every page. 'Marmion,' the second great work of the poet, followed: it is a story of Flodden Field, and is filled with adventures of all kinds—contests with spirits, with knights, and with princes; nor is love wanting, though what is pure is too long beset with trouble, and what is successful is not creditable. The charm of the poem abides with the old Earl of Angus and the Fight of Flodden. All battles, ancient or modern, fade away before it: James sets fire to his tents—descends from the hill, and encounters Surrey amid the smoke—the whole whirlwind of battle, the vicissitudes of a heady and desperate fight, with the personal fortunes of warriors whom we hate or love—are all there. The narrative is vehement and fiery: the world welcomed the work with rapturous applause, and desired more from so gifted a hand.

'The Lady of the Lake,' published in 1810, is a romantic story, told in the poet's happiest way—is full of fine situations, chivalrous feeling, and abounds with incident and character. It is a national epic; has its battles, single combats, and all the varied fortunes of true love. It contained, too, what artists call fine contrasts—the picturesque tartan of the Highlands was opposed to the sober grey of the Lowlands; the semi-barbarous heroism of the mountains, to the polished generosity of the vales. The whole scene recording the adventures of Fitz-James and Roderic Dhu, may be compared with any other passage in poetry, either for life, character, or energy. In his next great poem Scott ventured wholly over the Border, and made a foray on the English. The tale of 'Rokeby' belongs to the great Civil War; and the scenes where it is laid, and the persons engaged in it, are equally interesting and poetic. It is wholly different from his other fictions, and in some things approaches closer to his great prose romances than aught he has written in verse. There is in the scenery much quiet and reposeful beauty, and in the characters much of human nature; but both want the boldness and the picturesque magnificence of 'Marmion' or 'The Lady of the Lake'; yet Bertram Risinghame and the outlaw minstrel are to me more original than any of the Highland chiefs or Border leaders; and it cannot be denied that the landscapes have the softness and fairy-like loveliness of the scenes of the South.

In composing 'Rokeby' the poem of 'The Lord of the Isles' dawned on his fancy. When it was published the world felt disappointed, and said so in plain language—the sale was at first slow, and critics were querulous. It would be difficult to say in what it is inferior to his earlier compositions; there is a national story of high interest, adventures by sea, and moving accidents by land; the eye is kept on the alert, watching the movements of princes, and earls, and high-born ladies, on whom the fate of a kingdom depends, and the heart is kept beating with that

deep interest which we cannot help taking in bravery and beauty. There is the same fire and impetuosity of diction and narrative, and a greater heroic dignity of character than can be found elsewhere in his works. He has explained the cause of the failure himself: "I am decidedly of opinion, that a popular, or what is called a *taking*, title, though well qualified to ensure the publishers against loss, is rather apt to be hazardous than otherwise to the reputation of the author. He who attempts a subject of distinguished popularity, has not the privilege of awakening the enthusiasm of his audience; on the contrary, it is already awakened, and glows, it may be, more ardently than that of the poet himself."

The 'Don Roderick,' 'The Bridal of Triermain,' and 'Harold the Dauntless,' all belong to an inferior range of fiction: they contain many noble and stirring passages, but are unequal, both in conception and execution, to the five splendid romances which preceded them. The main fault of the first of these three works is, the strange long leap which the poet made from the feats of King Roderick to the deeds of Duke Wellington—olden times mingled ungracefully with latter; and the narrative seemed a creature with a broken back—the extremities were living, but they wanted a healthy and muscular connexion. The chief faults of the other two poems are, that the scenes and persons belong to days too remote for exciting sympathy: we scarcely feel an interest in English story till the days of the Norman Conquest. Scott was admonished, by the diminished sale of these works, compared to that of his other productions, that he had already given the world a full feast—

On capon, heron-shew, and crane,
The princely peacock's gilded train,
On tusked boar's head garished brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave.

Nor was this monotony the sole cause: a new poet had appeared, with such depth of thought, eager abundance of diction, and such wild tales of foreign lands and strange races of people, that he charmed at once the whole land into an auditory. This was Byron: had he preceded Scott, there is no doubt that his bearded Turks and maritime desperadoes, who united one virtue to a thousand crimes, would have given place to the northern chivalry—

All plaided and plumed in their tartan array.

As it was, Byron obtained, for the time, the ascendant; and Scott withdrew from the contest, to raise his banner on another field, and gain honour and glory such as no one save Cervantes can rival.

Scott is a poet truly national and heroic: he finds his scenes in his native land, and his heroes and heroines in British history and tradition. There is an astonishing ease, vehemence, and brightness in his verse; his poems are a succession of historical figures, with all the well-defined proportions of statues—with this difference, that they act and speak according to the will of the poet. Yet, though in external elegance and precision of outline they resemble works of art, they have less of the repose of sculpture about them than any characters in modern song. No one since the days of Homer has sung with such an impetuous and burning breath the muster, the march, the onset, and all the fiery vicissitudes of battle. In his 'Pibroch' he has given the very pith and essence of the Highland character, as well as a brilliant picture of manners; and I cannot better show his large genius in small compass than by quoting that extraordinary song:

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew
Summon Clax Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons;
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and Commons.

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come in your fighting gear,
Broad-swords and targes.
Leave extended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corse uninter'd,
And the bride at the altar.
Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded.
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster;
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

This song is characteristic of all Scott's poetry—action, action, action, is its fault as well as its excellence. Other bards have indulged their heroes and heroines with pastoral retirements and bowers of bliss; and even the devils of Milton enjoy, at times, a sort of uneasy repose. Scott alone keeps them up and doing, till action becomes almost fatiguing, and the reader longs for pleasant places, where he can sit and ruminate on the perils he has passed, or has yet to encounter. He is one of the most truly national of all our poets.

WORDSWORTH.—Other poets than Burns perceived a plan and a law in nature—one great line of sympathy and harmony connecting the dead with the living world, and both with the holy and omnipotent source of light and love. Of these, the most eminent is William Wordsworth. He was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, 7th April, 1770; received a classical education, and was destined, I have been told, for the church. His love of poetry, however, appears to have mastered his love for the ministry: in his youth he preferred Parnassus, with all the perils of its thorny ascent, to the quiet garden of the Established Church; and soon proved by his works that the light which led him was light from heaven. His Lyrical Ballads—of themselves sufficiently plain evidence of his notions in poetry—were accompanied by a preface, in which the poet describes the sources of inspiration, and the leading principles on which he builds the structure of verse. The powers requisite for the production of true poetry are, he says, six-fold: 1. The ability to describe; an indispensable power, though never employed too long at a time, as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and subjected to external objects. 2. Sensibility, which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of the poet's perceptions. 3. Reflection, which makes the poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings. 4. Imagination and Fancy, to modify, create, and associate. 5. Invention, by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation. 6. Judgment, to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted, and determine the laws and appropriate graces of every mode of composition. From these sources, as from so many fountains, issue the healing waters of verse. "It is deducible," says Wordsworth, "that poems apparently miscellaneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind predominant in the production of them, or to the mould in which they are cast, or to the subjects to which they relate. From each of these considerations the poems have been divided into classes, which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole—a beginning, a middle, and an end—have also been arranged according to an order of time commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality." As a crowning glory to the whole, and a consummation of his principles, he published his poem of the 'Excursion' in the year 1814.

The views of man, nature, and society, which this truly philosophical poem contains, are the offspring of deep thought and extensive observation. It exhibits everywhere the finest sensibilities, and an imagination ruled by reason and belief; it shows a heart alive to all the sympathies of social and domestic life, and appeals to all unsophisticated feelings in a way at once simple and sublime. The poet intimates, in an introduction, the aim and tendency of the whole poem, of which—for the insolence of criticism interposed—one half only is published. The second part gives the sensations of a poet living in retirement;—the author thus speaks of both:

Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope—
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength and intellectual power;
Of joy in widest commonality spread;
Of the individual mind that keeps her own
Inviolate retirement, subject there
To conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all—
I sing. Fit audience let me find, though few.

The poet was not, however, permitted to embellish nature, and upset, with impunity,

The truth
Of the elephant and monkey's tooth.

The *Edinburgh Review* was then as a young lion in full majesty of tusk and claw: those who only know it now, when it exhibits the skin stuffed, can have no idea of its early influence with the world. The critics of that dread journal agreed to regard Wordsworth as the chief apostle of a new heresy in verse: it was their opinion, that old opinions were right, new notions erroneous, and that compared to critics, poets and historians were as nothing. They had admonished Scott, regarding his forsaking the broad way of epic song, and presuming, in spite of their admonitions, to incline to the untrodden uplands of romance; and they now assailed Wordsworth for founding his poetry in his own sensations, and in nature around him. The poets of former ages made the critics: but now the critics desired to be quits, and make the poets: I can come to no other conclusion, from their persisting in the doctrine, that the earlier rules of verse should be adhered to, as if such rules should continue when poetry had received an impress of new and original minds. They might as well have insisted on the old principles of warfare being continued, after the whole combinations and tactics of battle had been changed by the invention of gunpowder. The triumphant exclamation of "This will never do," with which the northern journal began its critique on 'The Excursion,' is sufficient example of the tone of insolence which those writers assumed. It had, however, its effect at the time, and stopped, as I have related, the publication of the second portion of the poem, nor is there any hopes of seeing it, we fear, till the poet has joined the Miltons and Spensers of the brightest days of British song.

Wordsworth is the poet of nature and man—not of humble life, as some have said—but of noble emotions, lofty feelings, and whatever tends to exalt man and elevate him on the table land of honour, morality, and religion. His style is worthy of his topics—simple, unaffected, and vigorous: he occasionally becomes too minute in his delineations, and some of the subjects which he treats of, are too homely for inspiration. His poetry is making its way, as true feeling and impassioned thought ever will. He dwells at Rydal, in Westmorland: holds a situation in the Stamp Office: is conscious of the value of his musings; eloquent in conversation, and one whom, having met once, we would wish to meet again.

SOUTHEY.—There are poets whose genius is not confined to verse, but who, after reaching almost the summit of Parnassus, descend and travel into the wide domains of history, and gain

a name in the cause of truth, rivaling their fame in fiction. Robert Southey is of these, and one of the most distinguished. He was born in the parish of Christ Church, Bristol, in the year 1774: his parents were of such substance as to be able to give him an excellent education: he was some time in Westminster School, where he gained a name for being both stirring in play and quick in his lessons: what he acquired in Westminster, he took with him to the University: but he did not remain long there. He gave in his adhesion to the muses early, and courted public notice in a succession of poems of an epic stamp, which raised him high in the ranks of inspiration. 'Joan of Arc' was written before he was twenty-one years old: the preface is dated November 1795: in all the history of our poetry, we have no poem of that high order—containing such truly heroic and deeply pathetic passages, written by one so youthful. In those days—when the bard was young and ardent, and before reflection and the world had sobered down his notions, he was smitten with the theories of the revolutionists of France, and rejoiced in their promises of equality in all matters save genius. In this he went hand in hand with almost all the nation, for who did not rejoice to see a dotting tyranny trampled to dust, and a hope of liberty held out for enslaved millions? But soon after he published his first epic, Southey beheld the Goddess of Freedom metamorphosed into the Demon of Conquest, and the citizens of France marching to the subjugation of free states, with a chief whose war-cry was universal dominion. The poet turned from the French—not from freedom—and lent his aid to his own land, then menaced by the "Friends of the People," with right good-will. This very natural line of conduct has raised a hue and cry of political heresy against him, which is often renewed. Byron was one of the bitterest of his foes; and has left traces of this unamiable spirit in too many places of his works.

To the 'Joan of Arc,' succeeded 'Thalaba,' an Arabian poem, with much of the wonderful and wild, but more of the natural and heroic; the introduction—more brief than common with Southey—is dated Cintra, October 1800. The irregular measure in which it is written, he looks on as the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale, and says truly, that the dullest reader cannot distort it into discord. It is, indeed, musical,

How beautiful is Night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full orb'd glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is Night!

The poem relates the fortunes of the heroic orphan Thalaba, who, by the aid of virtue, and love, and courage, triumphs over spiritual as well as material enemies. It is a moving story—for, of all our poets, Southey has the truest pathos.

'Madoc,' which appeared in 1805, is a poem founded on a Welsh tradition, that in the twelfth century one of the Princes of Wales led a band of adventurers in search of a more hospitable land than their own, and formed a settlement in America. "Strong evidence," says the poet, "has been adduced, that he reached America, and that his posterity exist there to this day, on the southern branches of the Missouri." That the country has since been explored, and no Welsh Indians found, makes nothing against the beauty of the poem. The narrative is in blank verse, "the noblest measure," says the poet in the preface to Thalaba, "in my judgment, of which our admirable language is capable." Of this fine measure, he has here and elsewhere shown himself a great master. To the regular 'Madoc,' succeeded the wilder 'Keha-

ma,' a tale of the Hindoos; emblazoning the superstitious beliefs, and impulses, and feelings, and manners of that singular people. It was printed, I think, in the year 1809; the story relates the triumph of the powerful and wicked, through the means of a prayer and a curse, over the beautiful and the pure, till time and penance remove the charm, and truth and virtue prevail. The measure is irregular—sometimes with and without rhyme; but always harmonious and pleasing to the ear: nor are the attractions of fancy and sensibility wanting. The character of young Neallinay, and the detail of her sufferings, are full of tenderness and pathos—of gentleness and the exquisite simplicity of nature. It is altogether a magnificent fiction, and though its machinery and manners were strange to the public ear, it was well received, and went through various editions.

With 'Roderick the Last of the Goths,' Southey resolved, it seems, to bid farewell to national and historic fiction: it is the last of his greater poems; and though not in matters of fancy and imagination the highest, is considered, and I think justly, not only as the most touching of his productions, but the most affecting and heroic poem of modern times. It has the pathos of sentiment and of situation, and is written in vigorous and massive blank verse, and in such manly and racy English, as few bards of these our latter days can approach. Of this, the flight of Roderick may serve as a specimen of what is impressed on every page of the poem—

From the throng
He turned aside, unable to endure
This burden of the general woe: nor walls,
Nor towers, nor mountain fastnesses he sought:
A firmer hold his spirit yearn'd to find,
A rock of surer strength. Unknowing where,
Straight through the wild he hastened all the day,
And with unslacken'd speed was travelling still.
When evening gathered round. Seven days from morn
Till night he travelled thus: the forest oaks,
The fig-grove by the fearful husbandman
Forsook to the spoiler; and the vines,
Where fox and household dog together now
Fed on the vintage, gave him food: the hand
Of heaven was on him, and the agony
Which wrought within, supplied a strength beyond
The natural force of man.

Roderick escaped, in the poet's song, from the fatal field in which he lost his crown to the Moors; sought, by a life of mortification and repentance, to appease offended Heaven, and finally appeared as a stranger warrior in the ranks of his own army, turned the tide of battle by his valour, and having saved the country he had injured, departed, and was seen no more. In the minor poems of Southey there is great and various merit: some are of joyous, others of a satiric nature: the former have tender passages amid their mirth, and the latter are discerning and sarcastic, wear an air of simplicity and sincerity, and pass the objects of their invective or their scorn under the "saws and harrows of iron," with such readiness and force as rank the author high among the sons of satiric song.

Southey has the great merit of being original in his conceptions, in his subjects, and in the structure of his verse; he is ever equable, clear and flowing—has matter always ready, imagery at command, and so earnest and possessed with his theme, as never, for a moment, to cease to interest us. His thoughts are generally just and noble; he is a lover of mercy, an admirer of whatever is generous and heroic. His poems have survived the sternest and most unmitigated criticism; against him, as against Wordsworth, critics bent their sharpest shafts, and, for a time, appeared to daunt, disconcert and oppress him; because his song was unlike that of other men, he was treated with all this contumely; his fault was his merit; had he sung as others have done, he might have sung pleasingly and with effect: but he gave way to his own emotions, and, at the risk of critical martyrdom, established himself

as an original, who copied but from his own heart and conceptions. His life has been laborious and exemplary; he is one of our most fruitful and successful writers; his biographies and histories are considered by many superior to his poems; his mind overflows with all kinds of knowledge. He lives at Keswick, in as retired a way as his high fame will allow, and few travellers of any taste visit the Lakes without desiring to see the poet of Thalaba, the biographer of Nelson, or the historian of Brazil.

MONTGOMERY.—To write the life of James Montgomery would be to compose something like a romance. He was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, 4th November, 1771; his father, a Moravian preacher, removed him, at the age of four years, to Antrim, in Ireland; he remained there for a year, and was then transferred to the Moravian seminary at Fulnick, in Yorkshire, to be educated, whilst his father and mother sailed to the West Indies for the purpose of instructing the negroes of Barbadoes. His parents perished in this venturesome mission, and the young poet was nurtured and instructed by the good and generous Moravians. The state in which he was kept was not a little monastic; for ten years he was secluded from the world; but the result was admirable scholarship—and, what the brethren little perhaps expected, a resolution to be a poet. At ten years of age he was a writer of verses; at fourteen he had filled two volumes with his attempts, and the Moravian brotherhood concluding that out of such materials it was in vain to try to make a missionary, had him articulated first to one tradesman, then to another; the young poet either disliked business or restraint, and, having grown up almost to manhood, resolved to seek something for himself. He accordingly, in the year 1792, associated himself with the editor of the Sheffield Register, a journal vehement in the cause of public freedom; a clergyman wrote a song in honour of the fall of the Bastille: Montgomery boldly printed it, and in 1795 was fined twenty pounds and imprisoned for three months in York Castle. On his release he wrote an account of a riot in Sheffield, in which two men were killed; an indictment for a libel was the consequence; he was fined thirty pounds and sent for six months to prison. The magistrate at whose instigation he was prosecuted, relented afterwards of his conduct, and sought, by kindness and public attention, to efface all remembrance of his sufferings.

He was, however, so little affected by the rigours of a jail, that he wrote what he called 'Prison Amusements'—a series of poems, sometimes light and airy, and occasionally serious and mournful—they were published in 1797. The retired leisure of Scarborough afforded him an opportunity of composing 'The Ocean,' a poem; this was in 1805, and in 1806 the injuries of Switzerland inspired him with the idea of giving a picture of the misery to which a Swiss family were driven by the fraternal affection of the French. The poem is of a dramatic character, and exhibits both ardour and sensibility, though the measure is the worst that could be chosen for tenderness or emotion. 'The West Indies' followed; the poem was published in a most expensive form, and such was the demand that ten thousand copies were sold. In the year 1812, he wrote 'The World before the Flood'; though the time was remote, the country welcomed the poem warmly; nor was 'Greenland,' a poem which gave an account of the Moravian missions to that land of frost and snow, overlooked, though a fragment; his last extensive poem was 'The Pelican Island,' in nine cantos, suggested by a passage in the voyage of Captain Flinders to New Holland. One of his most popular works is called 'Songs of Zion,' or, in other words, versions of the Psalms of David,

The verse is generally easy and harmonious, but in simplicity and graphic truth our ancient versions are not approached. The merits of Montgomery as a poet must be gathered from the approbation of the world, and not from the opinion of the *Edinburgh Review*. His thoughts are pure and elevated, his diction fluent and harmonious; he maintains an equal flight, never high, never low; he is calm, but not impetuous; has much tenderness, but no ecstacy. In person he is above the middle height, with looks composed and melancholy; he is widely esteemed, and is in his nature friendly and obliging.

GRAHAM.—The poem of 'The Sabbath' will long endear the name of James Graham to all who love the due observance of Sunday, and are acquainted with the devout thoughts and poetic feeling which it inspires. Nor will he be remembered for this alone; his 'British Georgics' and his 'Birds of Scotland,' rank with those productions whose images and sentiments take silent possession of the mind, and abide there when more startling and obtrusive things are forgotten. There is a quiet natural ease about all his descriptions; a light and shade both of landscape and character in all his pictures, and a truth and beauty which prove that he copied from his own emotions, and painted with the aid of his own eyes, without looking, as Dryden said, through the spectacles of books. To his fervent piety as well as poetic spirit the public has borne testimony, by purchasing many copies of his works. 'The Birds of Scotland' is a fine series of pictures, giving the form, the plumage, the haunts, and habits of each individual bird, with a graphic fidelity rivaling the labours of Wilson. His drama of 'Mary Stuart' wants that passionate and happy vigour which the stage requires; some of his songs are natural and elegant; his 'Sabbath Walks,' 'Biblical Pictures,' and 'Rural Calendar,' are all alike remarkable for accuracy of description and an original turn of thought. He was born at Glasgow, 22nd April, 1765; his father, who was a writer, educated him for the bar, but he showed an early leaning to the Muses, and such a love of truth and honour as hindered him from accepting briefs which were likely to lead him out of the paths of equity and justice. His 'Sabbath' was written and published in secret, and he had the pleasure of finding the lady whom he had married among its warmest admirers; nor did her admiration lessen when she discovered the author. His health declined; he accepted the living of Sedgemore, near Durham, and performed his duties eloquently and well till within a short time of his death, which took place 14th September, 1814.

HOGG.—The rustic school of Scottish poetry was established by kings: James the First, with his 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' and James the Fifth, with the witty rustic grace of his ballads, gave a tone and character to our spontaneous verse which has been well supported by Ramsay, Ferguson, and Tannahill, and extended and exalted by the impassioned energy and vigorous intellect of Burns. James Hogg, or the Ettrick Shepherd, as he loves to call himself, is acknowledged on all hands to be the living and visible head of this national school of song; his genius seems the natural offspring of the pastoral hills and dales of the Border; and its speculations, whether in verse or prose, come to us in the way that gold comes from the mine, unwinnowed and unrefined, for he is without higher education than what enables him to write his wayward fancies, and read them when he has done.

He was born on the 25th of January, 1772, thirteen years after the birth of Burns; nor was his appearance on the birth-day of the great

poet the only circumstance which marked that something remarkable was given to the world; a midwife was wanted, and a timid rider was sent for her, who was afraid to cross the flooded Ettrick: his hesitation was perceived by an elfin spirit—the kindly Brownie of Bodsbeck, who unhorsed the tardy rustic, carried home the midwife with the rapidity of a rocket, and gave a wild shout when the new-born poet was shown to the anxious parents. A child thus ushered into the world could not well be otherwise than something more than common; but it, perhaps, was not considered by his father and mother in any better light than a visitation of Providence, when they discovered, as he grew up, that his vocation was poetry, and that all these romantic circumstances had but marked that another victim was added to the melancholy catalogue of martyrs in the cause of the Muse. He learned to read with difficulty; acquired a slight knowledge of penmanship in a quarter's schooling; was taught how to watch lambs on the mountains, smear sheep, and play on the fiddle. His parents were poor and humble, and could educate him no farther. As he grew up he began to instruct himself; but, above all, it was his pleasure to make long ballads, and sing them on the hill-sides to all who were willing to listen; it was more easy to make rhymes than commit them to paper; he, however, mastered this, and having done, thought of having them printed. This he accomplished during a journey to Edinburgh with a flock of lambs; and, save the song of 'Donald Macdonald,' which had made its appearance, the first work which the Shepherd gave to the world was 'Willie and Katie,' a plain, rough-spun pastoral, with some finer touches in it to mark that better was coming.

Having made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, and acquired some confidence in his growing powers from the approbation with which his verses were received in the Scottish periodicals, he wrote a series of ballads, and published them by subscription, under the name of 'The Mountain Bard.' Several of these compositions were of great merit: 'Gilmanscleugh' has much tenderness and simplicity, and the wild tale of 'Willie Wilkin' aspires to rank with the 'Glenfinlas' of Scott. The description of the spectre horses, is surpassed by nothing in ballad verse. The hero of the story went to a meeting of warlocks, witches, and evil spirits, held in an old churchyard at midnight, his mother, a devout woman, followed, and was astonished at finding her son's horse standing in a rank of gigantic coursers, among which he seemed but as a foal. She stretched her hands out to stroke their mighty sides, and perceived, to her horror, that they were spectral, for every wave that she gave her arms, a gap was left behind.—There were, however, some of the ballads not equal to this, and they were more-over deformed with a homeliness of language, which might be tolerated in the minstrels, but not endured in modern song.

Hogg acquired money and made friends by these speculations, and was emboldened to take a farm; but the star of Burns found him out: he did not succeed, and, what was worse, when he sought employment as a shepherd, no one would employ a man who, besides the misfortune of failing as a pastoral farmer, was afflicted with the incurable malady of poetry. What could he do? He wrapped his plaid about him, took a staff in his hand, and marched boldly into Edinburgh, as Burns did before him, resolved to be a poet, and seek his bread by it, since no better might be. He found many obstacles, and though Scott was kind, and Wilson friendly, Constable refused to smile, and the Shepherd bard was compelled to try his fortune by starting a new periodical, which appeared under the name of 'The Spy.' This proved an unfortu-

nate undertaking; the sale was low, and had just reached the remunerating point, when some of the city spirits took fright at sundry rude unpruned expressions of the hills, and, withdrawing their subscriptions, stopped the publication. All this while, however, Hogg had been secretly at work, and when many were imagining he would be silenced for ever, surprised his friends and charmed the country by publishing 'The Queen's Wake.' Those who the day before had shunned him, now sought his friendship; the titled and the beautiful were not slow in admiring; even some of the joyous citizens of Edinburgh saluted him across the street with homely greetings such as these: "What for have ye been pesterin us with daft sangs and dafter essays, and had such a noble poem as this in your head? It has taken a night's sleep from me—it'll do, I'll warrant it—else nought will do."

The poem is unequal, and it could not well be otherwise; it consists of the songs of many minstrels in honour of Queen Mary, united together by a sort of recitative, very rambling, amusing and characteristic. Some of the strains of the contending Bards are of the highest order, both of conception and execution; the Abbot of Ewe has great ease, vigour, and harmony, and the story of the Fair Kilmeny, for true simplicity, exquisite loveliness, and graceful and original fancy, cannot be matched in the whole compass of British song. A new vein of superstitious feeling is opened. So truly poetic and yet so justly natural is the whole narrative, that even the surliest critic—and such was not wanting—could fix on no blemish, and all ordinary readers acknowledged it to be at once elegant, moral and impressive, and in harmony with superstitious belief. There are other songs scarcely inferior to these, and of a totally different sort. I allude particularly to the Witch of Fife, a ballad of singular humour and fancy, but perhaps not quite so original. Such a poem soon wrought its way in public esteem; when it had reached a third edition the Edinburgh reviewers sent forth a critique upon it, acknowledging its general merits, and speaking with kindness of the author. But the patronizing air of the review could not be otherwise than offensive to a man of independent feeling, who was seeking fame and not alms.

Other poems soon made their appearance from the same hand: 'The Pilgrims of the Sun,' a wild tale, and sufficiently poetical; 'The Poetic Mirror,' in which Hogg, under pretence of editing a series of poems by the chiefs of the living bards, has imitated their styles with considerable ability; 'Mador of the Moor,' in five cantos, containing much of the wild and the wonderful; and finally, 'Queen Hinde,' a poem about a princess of Scotland's elder day, when the Danes filled our firths with navies and our land with fears. The first of his larger poems was published in 1813, the last in 1825, but none of them, though all containing passages of feeling and fancy, and exhibiting a glowing and fluent diction, equalled the 'Queen's Wake,' which had stories for all hearts, and a variety wonderfully attractive. These, however, by no means make up the amount of Hogg's productions; he wrote a succession of prose romances and tales, which entitle him to a separate consideration and place among the novelists of his day; and he sent to the world many short poems and songs; some of the latter of great pastoral beauty, simplicity, and truth. There is a warmth, a sincerity, and a sweetness of fancy in his lyrics, which will long preserve them among the mountains, and now and then procure them applause in the city, when affectation and smartness yield to the emotions of the heart.

Hogg is what he represents himself, a shepherd. He was so when I first met him on Queensberry, with his plaid around him, his

down beside him, and his heart full of kindness and poetry. He lives on the Yarrow, on a sheep farm bestowed on him by the munificent Duke of Buccleuch; he finds fish in the stream, lums on the braes, game on the hills, and leads a life of quiet independence, free from the din of aught less musical than the murmur of the brooks. As a poet he stands high; in energy of expression and passionate ecstasy he is much inferior to Burns; but he is second to no one in natural flights of a free and unfettered fancy. The peculiar qualities of his compositions, and being the chief of the Peasant school, whose students are not at all numerous, give him every chance of fame hereafter. He stands by the force of his genius alone, and holds all but the highest place in a literature, which more than approaches that of the polished and the learned.

[To be continued on the 16th November.]

OCEANIDES.—No. X.

SUNSET AND NIGHT.

By Mrs. Fletcher.

BEAUTIFUL! O beautiful!
When his blaze of glory done,
In the Tropics sinks the Sun!
Not, as at his noon, untended
By a veiling cloud; or blended,
As at morn, with shadows dim,
Waiting for their light from him:—
But, in a pavilion rare,
Of amber, and empurpled air,
Golden dews, and vapours fair,
Girt about with gorgeous clouds,
Vast and towering, yet in crowds,
Each some form of glory taking;
Each some splendid vision waking.
Sea and Heaven, depth and height,
Met in such harmonious light,
Gemmed with colours so intense
In their soft magnificence,
That the painter's spirit dies,
Loving what his art defies,
And the raptured vision sees
Paradise upon the seas!

There, in that cloud-garden glows
All the richness of the rose;
There, meandering, seem to run
Rivers that have washed the Sun,
Or, instead of common mould,
Wandered over beds of gold.
There, are dark stupendous rocks,
Riven as with thunder shocks;
A gigantic granite band,
Frowning on some lovely land,
Strength in Desolation's hand!
There, again, are milder seen,
And, amongst them, intervene
Level plains of boundless span,
Broken, as by caravan
With its winding dusky line,
That the eye may scarce define,
Merchant, camel, slave, and steed,
Bending on with laden speed
To some city far before,
Such as once on India's shore
Dazzled many a conqueror's eyes,
Till he drew and won the prize.
Treasures of wealth and bloom,
Deserts now, of wreck and gloom;
Passed away, as pass ere long
Yon glowing clouds, this feeble song.

Beautiful! O beautiful!
Night upon the Tropic skies!
Whether the full Moon arise
Ere the gorgeous West be pale,
And she shines, as if a veil
Golden tissued, and a zone
Grained with fire, were round her thrown;
All her clouds of simple white,
With the sun's own colour dight,

Yet amid that lustrous keen
Flecked with such delicious green,
Ocean wears an emerald sheen.

Lovely too, at midnight's noon,
'Tis to see the waning Moon,
Rise above a ridge of cloud,
Fair, yet spectral, wan and proud;
Holding in her radiant rim
Her bright former self, now dim,
Traced unto the gazer's sight
Only by a thread of light;
While a thousand lesser stars,
And the two of strength and love,
Venus, and broad-flashing Jove,
Shine, and cast a light below,
As if they usurped her glow.
A silver light on peaceful waters,
Too often dark with storm and slaughters.

Thus to wander night and day,
Through the Tropics' sunny way,
Beautiful! O beautiful!

THE LIFE OF AN OYSTER, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

How can an oyster write? Gentle reader, if you begin with such an impertinent query, pestering me on the very threshold with your supercilious scepticism, you had better seek amusement and instruction elsewhere. Recollect how easy it is to ask questions, and how difficult it often is to answer them. If you come to that, let me ask you how Miss Biffin could wipe her nose? But what has writing to do with writing? Do you think that none write but those who can write? If so, you had better go and read, and you will soon be convinced of your error.

I am lineally descended, on the mother's side, from an oyster who was eaten by the late Sir William Curtis, on the very first day of the season, in the year 1801. The memory of this is religiously preserved in our family, and we have been in the habit of carrying ourselves rather too haughtily, perhaps, on that score; it is regarded by us as a kind of ennobling fact, so that few of our family ever condescend to return the gazes of our neighbours: every one gazes at us, but we gaze at nobody. This world is full of troubles: the agitations, the anxieties, the heart-burnings, the jealousies and conflicts of an oyster's life, are such as to render it by no means enviable. I am well aware, and I hope I am truly grateful for it, that I hold a higher place in the scale of creation, and in the rank of intellectual beings, than the half vegetable polypus that has its roots in the rock; but, alas! I pay dearly for my superiority, and am sometimes wicked enough to wish that I were merely an insensible weed.

From my very earliest recollection my life has been one of incessant conflict and agitation—love and ambition have made sad havoc of my heart and my constitution. Add, also, to these the restless, roaming life that I have led for so many months and years, and really I wonder that I am alive. I have been a great traveller: I do not know exactly how large the world is, but I think I must have travelled over the greatest part of it; I am sure I speak within compass when I say, that I have not moved less than fifty yards, one way and another, from the spot of my nativity. Indeed, I have been so much driven about by the capricious action of the waves, that I scarcely know the place of my nativity—I am become, by continued travelling, a citizen of the world. This has certainly tended very greatly to enlarge my mind, and to enlighten my understanding, but it has rather a painful effect on the heart, rooting out from it the sweet affections which belong to the thoughts of home. This, however, I can say, that in all my wanderings I have never been insensible to the dignity of my family, and to the high rank

which it holds in the world of oysters; and, wherever I have been carried by the impulse of the waters, however strange and unknown to me the oysters among whom I have been cast, I have generally found that they have regarded me with respect; and that, no doubt, has arisen, from their having remarked in me that superiority of air and manner which belongs only to oysters of noble birth. I was not more than six weeks old when I began my travels, and I was then separated from my parents to a distance of not less than three yards and a half—the separation was really heart-breaking, but there is no resisting the waves. What a mysterious thing it is—and never has it been accounted for by the acutest of our philosophers—that the self-same wave which shall drive one oyster to the distance of three yards, should drive another three yards and a half, or even four yards!

I am afraid that of late years oysters have become rather proud of their wisdom and their intellectual attainments. I am sorry for it; it is very unbecoming; pride was not made for oysters: and, alas! alas! with all our knowledge, how much there is which we do not, and which we never can, know! I am not sure that we are any the worse off on account of our ignorance—perhaps it may be good for us that we should not know all things; yet, considering how much there is that we do not know, we ought not to be proud of what we do. I hope that when I have been opened and swallowed, these remarks will sink deep in the minds of my survivors; and I shall not think that I have been born in vain, if I have only been the means of teaching humility and diffidence.

I have said that I have suffered much from love and ambition: these are, indeed, restless passions, and are the bane of many an oyster, who, but for them, might have passed life quietly. It is among the unaccountable things of life, that the higher the intellect, the greater the troubles to which we are subject: I suppose, as I have hinted above, it is a penalty that we pay for superiority. The first time that I was in love, it was with a fine, fat, plump little oyster, white as silver, and having one of the most graceful beards that ever grew. My parents objected to the match, on account of the inequality of rank; for my innamorate came of a family none of whose ancestors had aspired higher than to make oyster sauce for rump steaks, served at citizens' suppers. Certainly, it would have been preposterous and absurd for an oyster descended from the identical one which Sir William Curtis had swallowed whole on the first day of the season—it would have been indeed a degradation for such an one to form a matrimonial alliance with a family which could boast of no exploit superior to having entered into the composition of sauce for a rump steak. However, such was the ardour of my passion, and such was the impetuosity of my temper, that I verily believe, notwithstanding the opposition of my parents, and my own strong feeling of family pride, I should have married my fat little friend, had it not been for the accident of a removal from her side, by one of those fluctuations to which an oyster's life is so peculiarly subject. The parting was heart-rending on both sides—no words of mine can possibly do it justice; I will, therefore, leave it to the reader's imagination—and I hope he will imagine it, and not, as is too often the case when things are left to his imagination, let it go by, and think no more about it. We were separated to a distance of nearly seven yards—never, alas! to meet again. For one whole week I was utterly inconsolable. I verily believe I should have been tempted to lay violent hands upon myself, but, fortunately—I had no hands. It was, perhaps, altogether best for me that I was thus crossed in love, for it taught me much wisdom, and furnished my mind with many profound thoughts

—so profound, indeed, that I cannot make them known to the world,—so profound, I may say, that I can scarcely understand them myself.

I now gave my mind to philosophy and ambition—or, perhaps I should speak more correctly if I were to say, to philosophical ambition; for, notwithstanding the general bustle and activity of an oyster's life, yet it is not altogether unfavourable to the steadiness of philosophical contemplation, especially when unencumbered with the cares of a family. One of the great objects of my ambition was, to make out a complete system of the universe, including and comprehending the origin, causes, consequences, and termination of all things. This was certainly a great undertaking, but nothing great can be accomplished without some effort, and without some ambition; and, after all, what is the use of philosophy unless it be comprehensive? Whether I should ever have been able to effect my purpose, or how far I might have proceeded in it, had I not been interrupted, I cannot say—but I was sadly checked in my intellectual progress.

In my meditations I had proceeded so far as to arrive at the valuable and irrefragable conclusion, that all finite beings must have a beginning, unless they are infinite—when an accident occurred to put a stop to my profound speculations, and almost to put an end to my life. The interruption to which I refer was nothing more nor less than this, that in the midst of my marvellous meditations I found myself out of the water! Let those who know what it is to be out of the water judge of my feelings! Oh! I shall never forget the appearance of the sun and the sky—instead of their accustomed and natural greenness, they presented to my eye, the one a sickly yellow, and an unwholesome blue the other. I suffered much when I was crossed in love—I suffered much more when I was out of the water. But let that pass: I have no wish to harrow up the feelings of my readers—I am writing an autobiography, not a tragedy. How I got out of the water I cannot tell, nor do I know how I got in again; this only I know, that somehow or other I got out, and somehow or other I got in again.

It is the fate of genius to be subject to fits of absence; genius also is liable to many other inconveniences, such, for instance, as being subject to jealousy, from which I have suffered deeply. Instead of countenance, encouragement, and applause, which I should have received from every one who had the interest and dignity of oysters at heart, I was exposed to calumny and misrepresentation. While engaged in my great work on the system of the universe, some even went so far as to accuse me of infidelity—such is the malignity of oysters! It was my wish to raise the dignity of the species, but they are not of sufficiently elevated minds to appreciate rightly the value of intellectual benefits. They were conscious that I deserved respect, but they were too mean to pay it. I did not write for bread, that is one comfort; for I actually pity the oyster who has nothing to depend on for support, but the exercise of his literary talents. Literature is not patronized now as it was when—when—I forget when; but truly it is not patronized as it ought to be. I am now growing into years and am becoming corpulent,—fat, but not stupid. The powers of my mind are not at all abated—the brilliancy of my imagination is not dimmed by age, and the profundity of my judgment is as deep as ever. My ambition perhaps is not so great as it was, and that because my philosophy is greater: I have learned to regard things in general with more equanimity. My vanity also, of which I must confess I had some share, is greatly diminished. I may not be insensible to my comparative superiority, but I think less highly of oysters in general than I used to

think; there are other beings in the world besides oysters; we may be important to the system, but we are not everything. It has been the constant endeavour of my life to support the dignity of an oyster of noble family, and to gain for myself the reputation of a philosopher: how far I have succeeded is not for me to say. But if I have not gained that philosophical reputation which has been my ambition, I have obtained, what is of far greater importance, the consolations of philosophy to reconcile me to the ills and disappointments of life. I can now regard all oysterly affairs with a sweet and quiet complacency. I see young oysters falling in love, and pining at the sad disappointments of heart that they are doomed to suffer—poor things! they fancy that they shall never get the better of their sorrows, and in their despair they are ready to cast themselves out of the water and perish in the horrible air. If there should be time enough before it comes to my turn to be sent to Billingsgate, I shall compose a treatise on oysterly love, demonstrating the great absurdity of breaking the heart, and recommending oysters in general to conduct themselves with a gravity and decorum becoming their exalted rank in the scale of creation. As for politics, I abstain from meddling with them, and that not because I do not understand them, but because I understand them too well, and I know that all parties are in the wrong. But I must conclude: a boat from Billingsgate is waiting for me: my time is come.

EXPEDITION OF CAPTAIN ROSS.

As the charts and papers of this brave and enterprising officer have been transmitted to the Admiralty, nothing is or can be known beyond the authorized Report. We must, therefore, on this occasion, confine ourselves to extracts from his official letter; if, however, our reasonable hopes are realized, we shall shortly be able to give some further interesting particulars. It would not, perhaps, be proper at this moment to advert more particularly to this subject.

Extracts from the Letter of Captain Ross to the Secretary of the Admiralty.

I have to acquaint you, for the information of their Lordships, that the expedition, the main object of which is to solve, if possible, the question of a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, particularly by Prince Regent's Inlet, and which sailed from England in May, 1829, notwithstanding the loss of the foremast and other untoward circumstances, which obliged the vessel to refit in Greenland, reached the beach on which His Majesty's late ship *Fury's* stores were landed on the 13th of August.

We found the boats, provisions, &c., in excellent condition, but no vestige of the wreck. After completing in fuel and other necessities, we sailed on the 14th, and on the following morning rounded Cape Garry, where our new discoveries commenced, and, keeping the western shore close on board, ran down the coast in a S.W. and W. course, in from 10 to 20 fathoms, until we had passed the latitude of 72° north in longitude 94° west; here we found a considerable inlet leading to the westward, the examination of which occupied two days; at this place we were first seriously obstructed by ice, which was now seen to extend from the south cape of the inlet, in a solid mass, round by S. and E. to E.N.E.: owing to this circumstance, the shallowness of the water, the rapidity of the tides, the tempestuous weather, the irregularity of the coast, and the numerous inlets and rocks, for which it is remarkable, our progress was no less dangerous than tedious, yet we succeeded in penetrating below the latitude of 70° north

in longitude 92° west, where the land, after having carried us as far east as 90°, took a decided westerly direction, while land at the distance of 40 miles to southward was seen extending east and west. At this extreme point our progress was arrested on the 1st of October by an impenetrable barrier of ice. We, however, found an excellent wintering port, which we named Felix Harbour.

Early in January, 1830, we had the good fortune to establish a friendly intercourse with a most interesting consociation of natives, who, being insulated by nature, had never before communicated with strangers; from them we gradually obtained the important information that we had already seen the continent of America, that about 40 miles to the S.W. there were two great seas, one to the west, which was divided from that to the east by a narrow strait or neck of land. The verification of this intelligence either way, on which our future operations so materially depended, devolved on Commander Ross, who volunteered this service early in April, and, accompanied by one of the mates, and guided by two of the natives, proceeded to the spot, and found that the north land was connected to the south by two ridges of high land, 15 miles in breadth, but, taking into account a chain of fresh-water lakes, which occupied the valleys between, the dry land which actually separates the two oceans is only five miles. This extraordinary isthmus was subsequently visited by myself, when Commander Ross proceeded minutely to survey the sea coast to the southward of the isthmus leading to the westward, which he succeeded in tracing to the 99th degree, or to 150 miles of Cape Turnagain of Franklin, to which point the land, after leading him into the 70th degree of north latitude, trended directly: during the same journey he also surveyed 50 miles of the adjacent coast, or that to the north of the isthmus, which, by also taking a westerly direction, formed the termination of the western sea into a gulf. The rest of this season was employed in tracing the sea-coast south of the isthmus leading to the eastward, which was done so as to leave no doubt that it joined, as the natives had previously informed us, to Ockullee, and the land forming Repulse Bay. It was also determined that there was no passage to the westward for 20 miles to the northward of our position.

This summer, like that of 1818, was beautifully fine, but extremely unfavourable for navigation, and our object being now to try a more northern latitude, we waited with anxiety for the disruption of the ice, but in vain, and our utmost endeavours did not succeed in retracing our steps more than four miles, and it was not until the middle of November that we succeeded in cutting the vessel into a place of security, which we named "Sheriff's Harbour." I may here mention that we named the newly-discovered continent, to the southward, "Boothia," as also the isthmus, the peninsula to the north, and the eastern sea, after my worthy friend, Felix Booth, Esq., the truly patriotic citizen of London, who, in the most disinterested manner, enabled me to equip this expedition in a superior style.

The last winter was in temperature nearly equal to the means of what had been experienced on the four preceding voyages, but the winters of 1830 and 1831 set in with a degree of violence hitherto beyond record, the thermometer sunk to 92 degrees below the freezing point, and the average of the year was 10 degrees below the preceding; but, notwithstanding the severity of the summer, we travelled across the country to the west sea by a chain of lakes, 30 miles north of the isthmus, when Commander Ross succeeded in surveying 50 miles more of the coast leading to the N.W., and, by tracing the shore to the northward of our position, it

was also fully proved that there could be no passage below the 71st degree.

This autumn we succeeded in getting the vessel only 14 miles to the northward, and as we had not doubled the Eastern Cape, all hope of saving the ship was at an end, and put quite beyond possibility by another very severe winter; and having only provisions to last us to the 1st June, 1833, dispositions were accordingly made to leave the ship in her present port, which (after her) was named Victory Harbour. Provisions and fuel being carried forward in the spring, we left the ship on the 29th of May, 1832, for Fury Beach, being the only chance left of saving our lives: owing to the very rugged nature of the ice, we were obliged to keep either upon or close to the land, making the circuit of every bay, thus increasing our distance of 200 miles by nearly one-half; and it was not until the 1st of July that we reached the beach, completely exhausted by hunger and fatigue.

A hut was speedily constructed, and the boats, three of which had been washed off the beach, but providentially driven on shore again, were repaired during this month; but the unusual heavy appearance of the ice afforded us no cheering prospect until the 1st of August, when in three boats we reached the ill-fated spot where the Fury was first driven on shore, and it was not until the 1st of September we reached Leopold South Island, now established to be the N.E. point of America, in latitude $73^{\circ} 56'$, and longitude 90° west. From the summit of the lofty mountain on the promontory we could see Prince Regent's Inlet, Barrow's Strait, and Lancaster Sound, which presented one impenetrable mass of ice, just as I had seen it in 1818. Here we remained in a state of anxiety and suspense which may be easier imagined than described. All our attempts to push through were vain; at length, being forced by want of provisions and the approach of a very severe winter to return to Fury Beach, where alone there remained wherewith to sustain life, there we arrived on the 7th of October, after a most fatiguing and laborious march, having been obliged to leave our boats at Batty Bay. Our habitation, which consisted of a frame of spars, 22 feet by 16 feet, covered with canvas, was during the month of November enclosed, and the roof covered with snow, from 4 feet to 7 feet thick, which being saturated with water when the temperature was 15 degrees below zero, immediately took the consistency of ice, and thus we actually became the inhabitants of an iceberg during one of the most severe winters hitherto recorded; our sufferings, aggravated by want of bedding, clothing, and animal food, need not be dwelt upon. Mr. C. Thomas, the carpenter, was the only man who perished at this beach, but three others, besides one who had lost his foot, were reduced to the last stage of debility, and only 13 of our number were able to carry provisions in seven journeys of 62 miles each to Batty Bay.

We left Fury Beach on the 8th of July, carrying with us three sick men, who were unable to walk, and in six days we reached the boats, where the sick daily recovered. Although the spring was mild, it was not until the 15th of August that we had any cheering prospect. A gale from the westward having suddenly opened a lane of water along shore, in two days we reached our former position, and from the mountain we had the satisfaction of seeing clear water almost directly across Prince Regent's Inlet, which we crossed on the 17th, and took shelter from a storm twelve miles to the eastward of Cape York. The next day, when the gale abated, we crossed Admiralty Inlet, and were detained six days on the coast by a strong north-east wind. On the 25th we crossed Navy Board Inlet, and on the following morning, to our inexpressible joy, we descried a ship in the offing,

becalmed, which proved to be the *Isabella*, of Hull, the same ship which I commanded in 1818. At noon we reached her, when her enterprising commander, who had in vain searched for us in Prince Regent's Inlet, after giving us three cheers, received us with every demonstration of kindness and hospitality which humanity could dictate.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE people of Manchester are about to erect a statue in honour of Dalton—a humble man, but a profound philosopher. He is a quaker. We should like to see Chantrey puzzled with a broad-brimmed hat: he has been spoken to about it.—A monument in memory of Wilberforce is also in agitation. As the great philanthropist was a diminutive man, and somewhat misshapen, some of his friends propose to conceal his personal defects in the obscurity of allegory; others insist on a statue; Chantrey, who has been consulted, sees, we believe, little difficulty in the matter: but, whether statue or group, it will be erected in York Cathedral.—Wilkie has, we hear, erected a small, but very elegant, monument to the memory of his father and mother in the kirk of Culter. He is at work on a picture, realizing one of the pastoral scenes of Allan Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd.'—We have been admitted to a private view of a bust of the late Rammoohun Roy, executed by Mr. Clarke, the only artist, we believe, who was allowed to trace in marble the likeness of that distinguished individual. Mr. Clarke has done justice to his subject; the likeness is good, and the general execution creditable.

The ninety-ninth number of the *Quarterly Review* is just published: it contains ten articles in all. The 'Dissertation on the Bridgewater Treatises' we have perused with interest: Madden's work, 'On the Infirmitates of Genius,' is dismissed with something like contempt: 'The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée' is also a leading article: the review of Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters*, &c., seems to have been written to say, that England has produced only four artists of true genius—viz. Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Lawrence: Barry, West, and Fuseli, are treated with scorn: neither Flaxman nor Wren are mentioned. It cannot but give great pain to the Royal Academy. The article on Cox is very well; so is that on the African Coast Discoveries: one article only is devoted to politics, but it is a sharp one; it spills nitric acid on the sore places of some of the people in power. On the whole, the number is an interesting one.

We are glad to hear that the principal writers in Constable's *Miscellany* have agreed to publish a Club-book of their joint contributions for the benefit of the late editor's family. Several other personal friends of Mr. Aitkin have also lent their aid; amongst others, the author of 'Darnley,' the Misses Corbet, Capt. Malcolm, the Rev. Mr. Hetherington, &c. Messrs. Whitaker & Co., the present proprietors of the *Miscellany*, have offered to publish the work for the widow and orphans free of all expense.

The Council of the Society of Arts having announced the course of Lectures for the ensuing season, we think it may interest our readers if we name briefly the subject of each lecture, and the days fixed on for the delivery:—Nov. 12th, 'On the Causes and Prevention of Mildew,' by Professor Lindley; Dec. 10th, 'On Ancient Warlike Engines,' by Mr. H. Wilkinson; Jan. 14th, 'On the Manufacture of Fire Arms,' by Mr. H. Wilkinson; Feb. 11th, 'On the Machinery lately invented for the Preparation of Ship Biscuit,' by Captain Bagnold, R.M.; March 11th, 'On Detergent Substances, and on the Manufacture of Soap,' by the Secretary; April 8th, 'On Marble, and its Adaptation to Ornamental Purposes,' by Mr. C. H. Smith; May 13th, 'On Coins and Medals,' by Mr. W. Wyon, A.R.A.; and June 12th, 'On the Theory of Rivers,' by Mr. H. R. Palmer.

A plan is now in agitation for a Grand National Opera in London, for the encouragement of native talent, the profits of which, it is proposed, shall go to charitable institutions, for the support of decayed musicians. We intend to give some account of it next week.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY HARVEIAN SOCIETY.

Oct. 21.—Joseph Cox, Esq. in the chair.—After a short discussion on an interesting case, the particulars of which were detailed by Mr. Anderson, Professor A. T. Thomson read a paper, 'On the Medical Uses of the Ioduret of Iron,' a new chemical compound of iodine with that metal. The class of compounds to which this substance belongs, promised to be of the highest importance in medicine, and Dr. Thomson, we believe, has the merit of being the first in this country to give some of them a trial. According to the Professor, the ioduret of iron, from its extreme solubility in the animal fluids, possesses, in a very high degree, the medicinal properties of both its elements, but modified, so that it does not produce any of the hurtful effects of either, given separately. It has proved in his hands both tonic and deobstruent; and, in two instances, in which he lately prescribed it to young females, he was gratified to find that it speedily removed obstructions, and restored health and power after everything else had been tried in vain by the most eminent physicians, and after his patients had been reduced to the last stage of leucophlegmatic cachexy. We refrain from following the author of the paper through all the particulars of his interesting cases, as doing so would not only take up too much of our space, but be foreign to the objects of this journal. We have said enough, we hope, to direct the attention of our medical readers to the subject.

THEATRICALS

COVENT GARDEN.

A melo-drama was produced here on Monday, called 'The Ferry and the Mill.' It is, we understand, from the pen of Mr. Pocock—the identical pen, we should say, with which he has written several others. It is for this reason that we have been unable, in announcing it, to go as far as the play-bills, which have, somewhat rashly, called it "a new melo-drama." There is, in point of fact, nothing which answers to the description of new in it. There is not a character, a situation, or an incident which has the slightest pretension to novelty; nor anything, in short, which, *mutatis mutandis*, we have not seen very many times before. Still, Mr. Pocock is an experienced hand, and he has, to a certain extent, proved it by the manner in which he has thrown his materials together. The piece was dull, but safe. It was never in danger of condemnation for a moment; and, we must say, it would have been a most unpardonable circumstance if it had been, for, when none but old materials are used, there is no excuse for not selecting such as have stood the proving. The story is soon told:—Peter, the Czar of Russia, and Catherine of Livonia, are in danger from the Strelitz guard, under the command of Galitzin. In their endeavours to escape, they both arrive in different disguises, at different times, and from different quarters, at the same mill on the banks of the Dwina. Circumstances oblige them to disclose their real names and qualities to the "Miller and his" Women—and to trust to their protection. Luckily, it happens, that this mill is the head-quarters of a movement in their favour. Their defenders are, however, over-

powered, and they become prisoners in the mill, with an imposing force of two soldiers!! to guard them—the main body under Galitzin being, as we understand it, on the opposite side of the river. After this, Galitzin, anxious to know what they are after, comes, after dark, after the ferryman, who declines being after taking him over, particularly after the formation of ice has begun to make the river dangerous. Unable to make any impression on the ferryman, he jumps on board, and sculls himself over: he arrives at the mill, and has just had time enough to threaten his two men for neglecting their duty, and to give orders for re-securing the prisoners, when a rushing of waters is heard. There has been a heavy run, it appears, upon the banks of the river, and they have broken. The floors are forced up—the waters of discrimination rush in—the guilty are all drowned, and the others preserved. This is intended to be the great hit; and, indeed, if one can set aside the intense absurdity of it, one may justly admire the admixture of some very clever machinery, with some very beautiful painting. We can promise such of our readers as are content to please one sense at a time, that this scene will afford ample gratification to the eye. It is somewhat pompously described in the bills as—

“Inundation of the Mill, from the bursting of the Dam by the Rush of the Torrent!!!”

This reminds us forcibly of Mr. Mathews's Show-man. In imitation of him, it should have been put thus—

Inundation off the Mill, from the bursting off the Dam by the Rush off the Torrent.

Joking apart, it is extremely beautiful to look at, and the Messrs. Grieve and Mr. Farley have done their best. Yet, even this is not new—we have had inundations over and over again upon the stage; and, as to the bursting of the dam, we will undertake to prove, that it is not the first d—n, by a great many, which has burst from Mr. Farley, behind the Covent Garden scenes.

The piece was very well received. Miss Taylor and Mrs. Vining were highly applauded for their execution of a mazurka, which they were somewhat unmercifully called upon to repeat. And the music, by Mr. Alexander Lee, is extremely graceful and pleasing—“uncommonly so—remarkably so—particularly so.”

MISCELLANEA

The Tarentula.—It is generally known that this name is given to a large spider, observed at first in the neighbourhood of Tarentum in Italy, and for the bite of which, considered poisonous, music and dancing were said to be the only remedy. M. Léon Dufour has collected some facts respecting this insect, and communicated them to the Académie des Sciences, in a letter read at one of their late meetings, from which we translate the following particulars.—This spider belongs to the genus *lycosa* founded by Latreille. These are chiefly met with in the south of Europe. To understand the manners of this insect it is necessary to notice the following peculiarities in its structure. The jaws and feet are large and strong; the second joint of the legs and the first of the feet are furnished with long stiff spurs, moveable at their base, which are of much use to the animal in seizing and holding its prey: the first two pair of feet are furnished underneath with a down, arranged like a brush, which the tarentula employs in making its toilette, and in assisting it to crawl on smooth surfaces: finally the feet are terminated by two strong nails. It prefers inhabiting dry, arid, bare situations. The cylindrical burrows, which it forms, are about an inch in diameter, and sunk to the depth of a foot beneath the surface. The construction of this burrow is such as not only to protect the animal from the pursuit of its enemies, but to serve it as an observatory

whence it may dart on its prey. At first the hole sinks perpendicularly, but at a depth of four or five inches bends and forms an almost horizontal elbow, after which it again resumes its direction downwards. It is just at this bend that the tarentula stands sentry, turning towards the entrance of its dwelling, eyes that sparkle and gleam in the dark. The external orifice of the burrow is usually surmounted by a funnel an inch in height, and two inches in breadth, so that it is wider than the burrow itself, a circumstance that admits of the extension of the claws necessary to enable the animal to seize its prey. The funnel is chiefly composed of pieces of dry wood united by potter's clay, and lined inside with a web spun from the spinnerets of the *lycosa*, and continued through the whole interior of the burrow. The utility of this is obvious, in preserving the hole clean, preventing the falling in of earth, and enabling the tarentula by its claws quickly to ascend.—The tarentula, though so disagreeable in appearance, is easily tamed. M. Dufour had one for five months in a bottle, and it would come and take a live fly out of his hand. After having destroyed its victim with the hook of its mandibles, it did not content itself, as most spiders do, with merely sucking its head, but bruised the whole body, moving it through its mouth by means of its feelers; after which, it rejected the integuments and swept them away from its dwelling. After a repast it seldom failed to make its toilette, that is, it cleansed with the brushes of which we have spoken, its feelers and jaws; it then resumed its attitude of immovable gravity. The evening and night were the times at which it took exercise and attempted to escape: these nocturnal habits confirm the opinion of our author, that the most part of the spider tribe have the faculty of seeing both night and day. Six weeks after being taken, the captive tarentula changed its skin, and this moulting, which was the last, made no perceptible difference in the colour or size of its body. It supported at two different periods a fast of nine days without appearing to suffer. It escaped while the author was absent.

Adulteration of Wine.—It is said that when George the Fourth was in the ‘high and palmy’ days of early dissipation, he possessed a very small quantity of remarkably choice and scarce wine. The gentlemen of his suite, whose taste in wine was hardly second to their master's, finding it was not demanded, thought it forgotten, and, relishing its virtues, had exhausted it almost to the last bottle, when they were surprised by the unexpected command that the wine should be forthcoming at an entertainment on the following day. Consternation was visible on their faces: a hope of escaping discovery hardly existed, when one of them, as a last resource, went off in haste to a noted wine brewer in the city, numbered among his acquaintance, and related his dilemma. ‘Have you any of the wine left for a specimen?’ said the adept; ‘O yes, there are a couple of bottles.’ ‘Well then, send me one, and I will forward the necessary quantity in time, only tell me the latest moment it can be received, for it must be drunk immediately.’ The wine was sent, the deception answered; the princely hilarity was disturbed by no discovery of the fictitious potation, and the manufacturer was thought a very clever fellow by his friends.—*Redding on Wines*.

Familiarity of the Swallow.—At Dalwood, an estate on the Hunter, where I passed several highly agreeable days, there occurred a singular instance of the familiarity of the swallow, which may possibly interest those who are partial to natural history. Three of these birds commenced building in the drawing-room; one of them secured a spot under the table, but, in consequence of the dirt it caused, was ejected; another completed its nest at the corner of the chimney-piece, and laid two eggs; being, how-

ever, often disturbed by the curiosity of the children, it deserted its habitation: the third built over one of the windows, and, during my visit, was sitting! The room was constantly occupied, though, as the weather was warm and fine, the door and windows were open throughout the day.—*Bretton's Excursions in New South Wales*.

Shishak's Victory over Rehobam.—The truth of this part of Sacred History has lately received a most remarkable confirmation. One of the great palaces of the Egyptian kings at Karnac was partly built by Shishak, or as the Egyptians called him, Sheshonk; and on one of the walls, which is still standing, Champollion, in his visit to Thebes in 1828, discovered a piece of sculpture representing the victories of this Pharaoh, who is dragging the chief of thirty conquered nations to the idols worshipped at Thebes. Among the captives is one who is represented in an annexed engraving. The hieroglyphics upon the shield contain the words LOUDAH MALEK, which means *King of Judah*. The figure, therefore, represents Rehobam, the only Jewish king vanquished by Shishak: and thus, after the lapse of two thousand eight hundred years, we have the unexceptionable testimony of an enemy, to the faithfulness of Scripture History.—*Outlines of Sacred History*.

Corporate Sagacity.—We find the following *morceau* in the evidence taken before the Corporation Commissioners in Cork:—“The attendance of Grand Jurors is a very *onerous* duty, I dare say?—I don't know whether it is or is not considered an ‘honour.’ (Laughter.)—Oh! what I mean is, that it is a distressing duty, is it not?—Indeed it is.—Mr. E. MCCARTHY. That was too hard a word for a Corporator. (Laughter.)—*Southern Reporter*.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Narrative of a Tour in the United States, British America, and Mexico, to the Mines of Real del Monte, and to the Island of Cuba, by Henry Tudor.

Journal of a Six Weeks Tour into Anatolia, with some Geographical Details, including the discovery of Antioch, of Pisidia, and other Ancient Cities; to which are added Miscellaneous Recollections of Turkey, by the Rev. W. Vyvian Arundell.

An account of the Caves of Ballybunnam, County of Kerry, with some Mineralogical Observations, by Wm. Ainsworth.

An Analysis of Butler's Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion, with Notes, by the Rev. R. Hobart.

The Dublin University Calendar for 1834.

The Irish Farmer's and Gardener's Magazine, conducted by Martin Doyle and Mr. Murphy.

An Essay on the Roman Villas of the Augustan Age, their Architectural Disposition and Enrichments, and the Remains of Roman Domestic Edifices discovered in Great Britain, by Thomas Moule.

The Book of the Unveiling: an Exposition. With Notes.

Homeri Ilias, cum brevi Annotatione, curante C. G. Heyne. Editio nova, sedulo recensita.

The Book of Science: a Familiar Introduction to the Principles of Natural Philosophy, with upwards of 200 engravings on wood.

A Summary of the Stamp Duties, alphabetically arranged by Mr. Brady.

Just published.—Stewart on the Hebrews, 8vo. 14s.—The Young Groom's Guide and Valet's Directory, 12mo. 4s.—Christian Ethics; being Selections from the Writings of Lishop Sanderson, 32mo. 2s.—Crutwell's Housekeeper's Account Book for 1834, 2s.—Steinmann's History of Croydon, 8vo. 18s.—Illustrations of the Botany, &c. of the Himalayan Mountains, by J. Forbes Royle, Part I. 20s.—Talisman of Health, 1s.—New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir, 1834, 8s.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vols. 13 and 14, History of Arabia, by Andrew Crichton, 2 vols. with Map, and Ten Engravings, 5s. each.—Jackson's Instructive Narrations, No. 1, 32mo. 1s.—Showell's Housekeeper's Account Book for 1834, 2s.—Alfred Crowquill's Folio, 5s. 6d.—Poole's Family Account Book, 1834, 3s.—Poole's Family Cellar Book, 1834, 3s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ombra.—J. M.—X. Y. Z.—E. D. A. R.—H. M. L.—V. S., received.

T. C. C. must send his name as security. It is impossible to verify such statements without great loss of time, and much trouble.

We are obliged to M. B.; but no good could result from the proposed interview.

ADVERTISEMENTS

NEW AND SPLENDID EDITION OF BURNS.

11, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

Messrs. COCHRANE and M'CRONE have the pleasure to announce their intention of publishing a new, cheap, and splendid Edition of

THE POETICAL WORKS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF ROBERT BURNS,

WITH AN ORIGINAL MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER, AND A CRITICISM ON HIS WORKS,

By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

It is the object of the Editor to collate the POEMS, SONGS, and LETTERS—arrange them in a natural and chronological order—illustrate them with HISTORICAL and CRITICAL NOTES and INTRODUCTIONS—insert CONTEMPORARY OPINIONS, CRITICISMS, and VARIOUS READINGS; together with ORIGINAL and IMPORTANT LETTERS, POEMS, SONGS, and SNATCHES OF VERSE, hitherto unnoticed or unknown, and render the Edition acceptable to all who admire the genius, and sympathize in the untimely death, of this great and truly national poet.

The whole will extend to SIX VOLUMES, of which the first will appear in January 1834, and each Volume will be embellished with a beautiful View and a Vignette, of Scenes rendered immortal by the Verse of the Bard. Drawn expressly for this Work from real scenes by D. O. HILL, S.A. Edinburgh.

The Illustrations are in course of being engraved in the highest style of art, and on Steel, by the most distinguished Engravers, among whom may at present be enumerated Brandard, Cooke, Miller, Edwards, Graves, Forrest, &c.

A Portrait from the Original, by Colvin Smith, Esq., in the possession of Sir Charles Forbes, Bart. (who has most liberally permitted it to be copied for this Work), will be given in Volume I., engraved by W. C. Edwards. The Work will be elegantly bound in cloth and leather; the Paper and Letter-press will be of the finest quality; in all respects strictly uniform with the late admired editions of Byron and Scott, and will appear monthly until complete, price Five Shillings each Volume.

* * * Orders should be early given to Booksellers, to secure the first impressions of the Plates.

Agents for Scotland:—Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; Smith and Son, Glasgow. Agent for Ireland:—W. F. Wakeman, Dublin. And to be had of every Bookseller in the United Kingdom.

INTERESTING NEW WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

I.

In 2 vols. 8vo. 24s., with beautiful original Portrait,

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN GALT, Esq. F.A.S. ETC.

AUTHOR OF 'ANNALS OF THE PARISH,' &c. &c.

"I will a round, unvarnish'd tale deliver."

"A work of commanding interest: its every page is an illustration of the remark,—that the romance of real life exceeds the romance of fiction. This is decidedly the happiest effort Mr. Galt has made."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

II.

THE POEMS OF JOHN GALT,

Now ready, in one small vol. 8vo. 5s. cloth.

III.

THE NEW EASTERN HISTORICAL NOVEL. In 3 vols. post 8vo. 27s.

AURUNGZEBE; OR, A TALE OF ALRASCHID.

"The descriptions of Indian scenery in this work are new, striking, and highly picturesque; the characters are remarkably good; Duccas, the fakier, is, without exception, the most original and extraordinary conception I ever met with."—*Author of 'Rochester'*.

"A picturesque and spirited story. Alraschid is just the hero for a romance."—*Literary Gazette*.

"The tale is ingeniously constructed; the scenes well and vigorously painted."—*Athenæum*.

MR. GALT'S NEW WORK,

STORIES OF THE STUDY,

Is in the press, and will be produced in November, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

THE next Number will contain, in addition to its usual varieties, Original Articles from the pens of the following eminent characters, whose names will be attached to their several contributions.

Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.—Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M.P.—Lady Charlotte Bury—Mr. Richard Castille, of Fleet-street—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Esq.—Right Hon. John Wilson Croker—Thomas Croft Croker, Esq.—Rev. George Croly—Alban Cunningham, Esq.—Miss Edgeworth—Earl of Eldon—Henry Hallam, Esq.—The Etrick Shepherd—William Holmes, Esq.—Theodore Hook, Esq.—Henry Hunt, Esq.—Washington Irving, Esq.—Miss Landon—John Gibson Lockhart, Esq.—Doctor Maginn—Miss Mitford—Thomas Moore, Esq.—Hon. Mrs. Norton—Miss Porter—Barry Cornwall—Samuel Rogers, Esq.—Sir Martin Arthur Sher—The late Sir Walter Scott—and Professor Wilson James Fraser, London; and by order of all Booksellers.

NEW WORKS,

Which will be published in a few days, By Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

A Comparison of the Social and Political State of both Nations.

2.

The Sixth Vol. of the Translation of MADAME JUNOT'S MEMOIRS, containing the 11th and 12th Volumes of the Paris edition.

* * * A few Copies may still be had of Vols. IV. and V.

3.

NAVAL ADVENTURES.

By Lieut. Bowers, R.N.

Comprising a Narrative of Thirty-five Years' Service in various Parts of the World. 2 vols. post 8vo.

4.

THE THIRD AND FOURTH, being the concluding Volumes of THE EAST INDIA SKETCH-BOOK; OR, LIFE IN INDIA.

* * * A few Copies may still be had of Vols. I. and II.

ON Monday next, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE REVELLYAN.

By the Author of 'A Marriage in High Life.'

Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

Agents for Scotland, Messrs. Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; for Ireland, Mr. John Cumming, Dublin.

On the 1st of November, complete in 1 vol. neatly bound, and illustrated, price 6s.

THE BORDERERS.

By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq.

Forming the 32d Volume of

THE STANDARD NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Publishing Monthly by

Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

Of whom may be had,

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.

By Victor Hugo. Translated expressly for this Series by

Frederic Shoberl.

On Monday next, Cheap and Complete Edition, in 3 vols., elegantly printed and embellished, neatly bound for the library,

as to range with the new edition of Scott's Novels, Miss Edgeworth's Novels, Byron's Works, &c., price 25s.

MISS JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS,

Named:

Fride and Prejudice. Mansfield Park.

Sense and Sensibility. Northanger Abbey.

Emma. Persuasion.

Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP

BOOK FOR 1834; containing 36 highly-finished Plates, with Poems, &c. by L. E. L. Demy 4to. tastefully bound, 21s.

The 'Fallen Temple and Lovely Tomb' of India, conjoined with English Landscapes, Portraits of distinguished individuals, which may possess a general or peculiar interest, and some few fanciful subjects, give the charm of variety to the pictorial delineations of this Volume.

London: Fisher, Son, and Co.; sold by all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

Just imported,

ALMANACH DE GOtha, 1834. 6s.

Dulas and Co. Foreign Bookellers, 37, Soho-square.

GERMAN ANNUALS, for 1834,

just imported by Treutzel and Co. 30, Soho-square.

s. d. s. d.

Votha.....18 0 Cornelia.....12 0

Ursula.....10 0 Fenselup.....8 0

Vieliebchen.....12 0 Joes Mich.....7 0

Gedenke Mein.....12 0 Gedescher Museummanach 7 0

Vergissmeinnicht.....12 0 Rheinischer Taschenbuch 10 0

Taschenbuch d. Liebe &c. Rammer's Histor. Taschen-

Freundschaft.....7 6 buch.....10 0

The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XXIV.,

will be published on Thursday, Oct. 31st.

On the 1st of November will be published, price 4s. od.

THE SACRED OFFERING: a Collection

of Original Poems, chiefly on Devotional Subjects, For

MDCCCXXXIV. Embellished with a Frontispiece by W. ESTALL,

engraved by HENRY ROLLS.

London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Liverpool: D. Marples and Co.

On Monday next, in 1 vol. royal 16mo. bound in cloth,

MOMENTS OF IDLENESS;

or, a Peep into the World we call "ours."

"Il y en a qui ne font rien—il y en a d'autres qui font de

rien."

T. and W. Boone, 29, New Bond-street; Oliver and Boyd,

Edinburgh; W. F. Wakeman, Dublin.

DILEMMAS OF PRIDE.

Nearly ready, in 3 vols.

By the Author of 'First Love.'

A Second Edition of

AIMS AND ENDS,

By Mrs. Sheridan, is now ready, in 3 vols.

Bell and Churton, Library, Holles-street, London; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.

GRAND EXHIBITION, NATIONAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, Adelaide-street, and Lower Arcade, West Strand. Admission One Shilling; daily, from Ten till Six, displaying an extensive variety of objects of general interest and amusement.—Steam Gun, Steam Boat Models propelled on Water, Steam Carriages for Railways, Magnet of extraordinary power, producing brilliant sparks, Electro-Magnet, Cooking by Gas, Distillation of Spirit from Bread, Water compressed by immense power, Fossils, Instrumental Music, Magnificent Paintings, Sculpture, &c. &c.
Annual Admission Tickets, 1*l*.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—
FACULTY OF ARTS.—The Classes will meet, after the Vacation, on Friday, the 1st of November, when the Rev. Dr. RITCHIE, will commence the business of the Session by a Lecture introductory to his Courses.
Latin.....Professor Thos. Hewitt Key, A.M.
Greek.....Professor Henry Maiden, A.M.
English and Rhetoric.....Professor A. Blair, LL.D.
French.....P. F. Merlet, Esq.
Italian Literature and Language.....Professor Ant. Panizzi, LL.D.
German Language.....Dr. Hausmann.
Hebrew.....Professor H. Hurwitz, Esq.
Mathematics.....Professor G. J. P. White, A.M.
Philosophy of Mind & Logic.....Professor Rev. J. Hoppus, A.M.
Natural Philosophy and Cosmology.....Professor Rev. Wm. Ritchie.
Civil Engineering.....Professor Edward Turner, M.D.
Chemistry.....Professor R. E. Grant, M.D.
Zoology.....Professor John Lindley, LL.D. (To commence 1st of April.)
Botany.....Dr. Turner, Dr. Grant, and Dr. Lindley. (To commence middle of May.)
Political Economy.....Professor J. R. Mac Culloch, Esq. (To commence 1st Feb.)
The Junior School met on the 1st of October.
Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office of the University; and at Mr. John Taylor's, Bookseller, 39, Upper Gower-street, Council Room, THOMAS COATES, Secretary, 1st October, 1833.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—LAW
LECTURES.
THE INTRODUCTORY LECTURE upon ENGLISH LAW will be delivered in the University on Monday Evening, the 4th November, at 7 o'clock.—Admission gratis.
The succeeding Lectures of the Course will be delivered on Monday Evenings at 4 & before 7 in Term Time, and at 4 past 6 out of Term.
JURISPRUDENCE.—Tuesday and Thursday Evenings from 7 to 8. The Course commences on the 5th of November.
Terms and further Particulars may be known at the Office of the University.
University of London, THOMAS COATES, Secretary, 8th Oct. 1833.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.
ENGLISH LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.
Professor J. W. SPURRIER, Barrister-at-Law, will DELIVER his INTRODUCTORY LECTURE on TUESDAY, the 5th of November next, at Eight o'clock in the evening precisely, at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.
LIVER his INTRODUCTORY LECTURE on THURSDAY, the 3rd of October inst., at Three o'clock in the afternoon precisely.
Any Gentleman presenting his card will be admitted to these Lectures.
Further information respecting the above Courses may be obtained upon application at the Secretary's Office.
W. OTTER, M.A., Principal.
Persons desirous of attending any separate Course of Lectures or class of private instruction at the College, are not required to become regular students, or to pay any fee whatever, excepting that for the particular course or class which they may wish to attend.

EAGLE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
Bridge-street, Blackfriars.
Established 1807.
DISTINCT TABLES FOR MALE AND FEMALE LIFE.
The Directors have caused New Tables to be calculated, in which the relative values of the Lives of the two sexes are at all ages distinguished. In consequence of this improvement, the younger Male Lives are insured at premiums below the ordinary rates; the Female Lives on terms lower than any other Office.
Annual Premiums required for the Assurance of £100, to be received on the Death of a

MALE.					FEMALE.				
Age.	Seven Years.	Whole Life.	Age.	Seven Years.	Whole Life.	Age.	Seven Years.	Whole Life.	Age.
20	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	20	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	20	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	20
30	1 6 3	2 2 6	30	1 5 0	1 15 1	30	1 6 3	2 2 6	30
40	1 12 3	2 9 10	40	1 8 9	2 3 3	40	1 12 3	2 9 10	40
50	1 17 4	3 4 10	50	1 12 9	2 15 0	50	1 17 4	3 4 10	50
60	2 12 3	4 12 4	60	1 17 3	3 15 0	60	2 12 3	4 12 4	60
70	4 7 11	6 18 2	70	3 7 0	5 14 7	70	4 7 11	6 18 2	70

Prospectus, exhibiting this remarkable distinction at every age, may be obtained at the Office of the Company.
Life Assurances may be effected for North and South America, for the East Indies, for any of the British Colonies or Garrisons, for a continued or an especial Maritime Risk, for the whole of Life, or for the duration of any Military, Civil, or Diplomatic Duty.
Four-fifths of the profits are divided among the Assured, whether at home or abroad.
HENRY F. SMITH, Actuary.
PALLADIUM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Watney-place, London.
All persons assured in this Office are permitted to pass and repass, in time of peace, from any part of Europe to another, by Sea or Land, without payment of additional Premium, or forfeiture of Policy.
Four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the Profits, are added every seventh year, by way of Bonus, to the sum assured for the whole term of life, on lives not exceeding 50, when assured.
The Profits declared on Life Policies, at the Septennial Meeting, on an average of all ages, exceed 44 per cent. on the Premiums paid.
The Bonus has been equitably divided among the Policies entitled, in proportion to the Profits which had accrued to the Office from such Policies, and according to the time elapsed from the date of the Policy to the Septennial Valuation.
WALTER COSSER, Secretary.

Just published, price 4*l*. 16*mo*. boards,
RACCOLTA DI FAVOLE, Scelte fra quelle di PIGNOTTI, &c. &c.
London: Duns and Co. Soho-square; P. Rolandi, Berners-street; Boscagne, Barbadoes, and Lowell, Great Marlborough-street.

BOOKS.—J. WILSON'S CATALOGUE
(for OCTOBER) of an interesting COLLECTOR'S of BOOKS, in four conditions, at very low prices, he just published, and may be had gratis. Gentlemen in the Country, forwarding their address, may have it sent to them at the expense of a Model of a Cabinet, or a set of Autographs, or a set of Portraits, just published.—No. 19, Great Mary-building, St. Martin's-lane, London.

This day is published, price 2*s*. 6*d*., the First Part of
ILLUSTRATIONS, LANDSCAPE, PORTRAIT, and HERALDIC, of the POETICAL WORKS of SIR WALTER SCOTT; containing Five Plates, engraved by eminent Artists.
1. Braiksmore TowerCopley Fielding.
2. Ben-VesueG. F. Robson.
3. IonaG. Ostermole.
4. MetelichW. Boxall.
5. Armorial Bearings of the Comdants at Flodden Field.
A few proofs, royal 4*to*. 3*s*. 6*d*.; India proofs, 4*s*. 6*d*.; and Proofs before letters (only 25 printed), 7*s*.
Charles Tilt, Fleet-street.

LESLIE'S PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.
This day is published, by Charles Tilt, Fleet-street. Prints, 10*s*. 6*d*.; plain Proofs, 1*s*. 5*d*.; India ditto, 2*s*.
MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING, 10 inches
AFTER the PORTRAIT of the late SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Engraved by G. F. Robson.
Of the superiority of this Portrait as a striking resemblance of Sir Walter Scott, innumerable testimonies from all his nearest relations and friends might be referred to. It was painted by his publisher, the late Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, in whose possession it remained until his death.

FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS, ARTISTS, ETC.
This day is published, Fasciculus 1. Folio, price 2*s*. of
A SERIES OF ANATOMICAL PLATES,
in Lithography, with References and Physiological Comments, illustrating the Structure of the Different Parts of the Human Body.
Edited by JONES QUAIN, M.D. Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of London.

The plates will be accompanied by letter-press, containing detailed references to the various objects delineated, the names being set down in English, Latin, and French. But with a view to render them more generally useful to the student, it is intended to give a running comment on each plate, stating, in general terms, and divested (as far as can be) of technicality, the uses and purposes (which the different objects serve in the animal economy).

POLYMICRIAN LIBRARY OF GENERAL LITERATURE.
Edited by F. C. MEADOWS, M.A., of the University of Paris, &c. &c.

On November 16th, 1833, will be published, to be continued in Monthly Pocket Volumes, Vol. 1. embellished with Sixty Portraits, engraved on steel, in the best style of the art, by Lizars, price 4*s*. 6*d*. in morocco cloth boards.

A GENERAL BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY; comprehending Notices of the LIVES of DISTINGUISHED MEN of all Ages and Countries, Ancient and Modern.

It will be the study of the Publishers of the 'Polymicrian Library' to keep pace with the increasing desire for intellectual improvement, periodical all classes of society in the present day. At a time when both the Metropolitan and the Provincial press is teeming with unprofitable and trifling literature, they are desirous to seize upon and direct the popular taste to subjects of a higher and more substantial character, calculated also to elevate and sustain the tone of intelligence and moral feeling, and to neutralize the pernicious influence of that exclusively light and imaginative reading which obtains among a vast portion of the community. In no way will this ever be more effectually accomplished than in such a publication as the present—steering clear, on the one hand, of the dry abstractions of works especially devoted to Science and Philosophy, and on the other presenting an incentive to read, by blending together the *style et de l'écriture* the graceful and the useful of literature.

Further, the Publishers deem it unnecessary to proceed in recommending to the friends of real improvement an undertaking which requires to their attention the support of their success is guaranteed by the talent of the Gentlemen who has undertaken the editorial management of the work, and who will be fully assisted in the varied departments into which it will be divided, by the most experienced and judicious of their arrangements to ensure its beautiful typography, and its numerous splendid Engravings and Illustrations, a place in the first Order of the Art. In conclusion, the Publishers have no hesitation in affirming that the 'Polymicrian Library' will form the most complete body of Useful Knowledge in the whole range of modern Literature, in the smallest practicable compass, and at the lowest possible price.

The 'POLYMICRIAN LIBRARY' will consist of the following Divisions:
I. GENERAL BIOGRAPHY—to be complete in about Five Volumes.
II. HISTORY, viz:—

1. HUME and SMOLLETT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND (Cambridge), brought down to the latest period, to be completed in about 10 Volumes, and illustrated by numerous historical steel engravings—most of them from original designs by eminent artists, executed expressly for the work.
2. HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, likewise brought down to the present time, and illustrated with numerous historical engravings, &c.
3. HISTORY OF IRELAND; and many other histories, which will follow in course, and uniformly arranged and embellished with the preceding.

III. A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF GEOGRAPHY, Ancient and Modern; embellished with Maps, Costumes of the different Nations, and various other illustrations.
IV. NATURAL HISTORY; comprehending the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, illustrated with colored engravings in Mr. Lizars's best style.
V. TRAVELS and VOYAGES.
VI. LAW, MEDICINE, the ARTS and SCIENCES, &c. &c.
VII. THEOLOGY, &c. &c.

Each Division of the 'Polymicrian Library' will form a complete work with itself, which the purchaser will have the option of procuring in the way most convenient to himself, either in Monthly Volumes, at 4*s*. 6*d*., or in Numbers at 6*d*.
London: Published by Allan Bell and Co. Warwick-square; and Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' court; W. Curry, Jun. and Co. Dublin; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and sold by every Bookseller in the Kingdom.

In 2 vols. 8*vo*. price 10*s*. 6*d*. boards,
THE LAST DAYS OF OUR LORD'S MINISTRY; a Course of Lectures delivered in Trinity Church, Coventry, by the Rev. WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, M.A., Prebendary of Lincoln, Vicar of the parish of the Holy Trinity, Coventry, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty.
Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row; and John Cochran, 10*s*, Strand.

In 2 vols. 8*vo*. price 1*s*. 8*s*. boards,
THE YEAR OF LIBERATION, a Journal of the Defence of Hamburg, against the French Army under Marshal Davoust, in 1813, with sketches of the Battles of Lutten, Bautzen, &c. &c.
By the Author of 'Salathiel.'
"A book written with great spirit and talent, full of good sense and good feeling."
Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row.

Second edition, in 1 vol. 8*vo*. price 6*s*. boards,
AN ANALYSIS OF THE TEXT OF THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH, upon the Principles of Professor LEE'S HEBREW GRAMMAR, and adapted to the 2nd edition of it, by the Rev. ALEXANDER OLLIVANT, M.A., F.R.S. late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Vice Principal of St. David's College, and one of the Examining Chaplains to the Lord Bishop of St. David's.
Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row.

In 23 vols. 8*vo*. with finely-engraved Portraits, price 12*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
THE PRACTICAL WORKS OF THE REV. RICHARD BAXTER, with a Life of the Author, and a Critical Examination of his Writings.
By the Rev. WILLIAM ORME.

The Life and Times. In 2 vols. 8*vo*. with Portraits, price 1*l*. 1*s*. boards.
Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row; and J. Cochran, 10*s*, Strand.

In 4 vols. 8*vo*. with Portraits, 3*s*. boards,
THE WHOLE WORKS OF the Most Reverend Father in God, ROBERT LEIGHTON, D.D., Archbishop of Glasgow. To which is prefixed, an entire New Life of the Author.
By the Rev. J. N. FEARSON, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the Examining Chaplains to the Lord Bishop of St. David's.
The above may be had, compressed into 2 volumes, price 2*s*. boards.

Also may be had separate, by the same Author, in 2 vols. 8*vo*. with Portraits, price 1*l*. 1*s*. boards, or compressed in 1 vol. price 10*s*. 6*d*. boards.

A Practical Commentary upon the First Epistle of St. Peter, and other Expository Works; with the Life by George Burdett.
Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row; and Cochran and Key, 10*s*, Strand.

In 1 large vol. 8*vo*. price 1*s*. 8*s*. boards,
A THEOLOGICAL DICTIONARY; containing Definitions of all Religious and Ecclesiastical Terms; a comprehensive view of every article in the system of Divinity; an impartial account of all the principal denominations which have subsisted in the religious world, from the birth of Christ to the present day; together with an accurate statement of the most remarkable transactions and events recorded in ecclesiastical history, and a biographical sketch of such writers as have exerted a decided influence in the field of theological science. By the late Rev. CHARLES HENSON, A.M. A new and greatly enlarged edition, by the Rev. Dr. HENDERSON, Theological Tutor of Highbury College.
* * * The number of additional articles in the present edition, amount to nearly five hundred. *—Fide Preface.*
Printed for James Duncan; T. T. and J. Tegg; and Simpkin and Marshall.

In 2 vols. 8*vo*. price 2*s*. 1*s*. boards,
A SECOND COURSE OF SERMONS for the YEAR; containing Two for each Sunday and One for each Holiday; abridged from the most eminent Divines of the Established Church, and adapted to the Service of the day; intended for the use of Families and Schools.

By the Rev. J. R. PITMAN, A.M.
"There is no question which the clergy are more frequently asked, and to which they find it more difficult to give a satisfactory reply, than—What sermons would they recommend for the use of a private family? We readily think that Mr. Pitman's work bids fair to supply the deficiency which has been so much regretted."
—Quarterly Theological Review.
* * * A third edition, revised throughout, of the First Course, is just published, same size and price as the above.

Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row.

In 1 vol. 8*vo*. price 1*s*. 8*s*. boards,
SIX SERMONS on the STUDY of the HOLY SCRIPTURES, their Nature, Interpretation, and some of their most important Doctrines, preached before the University of Cambridge in the years 1827-8. To which are annexed Two Dissertations: the first on the Reasonableness of the Orthodox Views of Christianity, as opposed to the Rationalism of Germany; the second on the Interpretation of Prophecy generally, with an original Exposition of the Book of Revelation, showing that the whole of that remarkable prophecy has long ago been fulfilled.
By the Rev. S. LEE, D.D., Prebendary of Bristol, Vicar of Bathwell, and Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge.

Also, just out, in 8*vo*. price 2*s*.
A Sermon on the Observance of the Sabbath, preached before the University of Cambridge.
Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row.

In 9 vols. 8*vo*. with Portraits, uniform with the Works of Jeremy Taylor, 5*s*. 5*s*. boards,
THE WORKS of the Right Rev. WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, D.D., Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, now first collected, with a Memoir of the Author, and a Critical Examination of his Writings.
By the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, D.D. of St. John's College, Cambridge, Author of the 'Introduction to the Holy Scriptures.'

Also may be had, by the same Author, Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles. 8*vo*. 12*s*. boards.
May be had, uniform with the above,
The Whole Works of the Right Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D.D. &c. With a Life, &c. by the Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. In 15 vols. 8*vo*. 5*s*. 6*d*. boards.
Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row.

HISTORY
Unassuming
Baker's vo
of mind
Prised for Jo
Brilliant, Edinbu
Third edition, in
ELEMEN
ing to them
By the
Printed
in the 25th Co

POLY
We find in
the same eloqu
and skill
with an striking
Cure."
—Monthly
Fourth edition,
EARL
LADY S
Finely engrave
THE CO

THE LITERARY
N.B. The
most low con
Landscapes
Gilt edges
Published by
London: Bell
Dulwich; and
Shirley will be
Baudouin's
ENGL
Issued from the
Bell and Chis
and Stratford

OPEN
NETA
Quar
For Mar
Baker, New
A THI
GRA
Bos-rs asy
equivalent acc
Tenth edition,
London: D
for Mar
for Co. Stat
more; and
Just pub
SIR C
WATER
Vaid London
Under the Di
Educ
DOM
with
was many E
London: J
Strand.
Printed un
rature

READ
tion of
The design
readers, and
from two
London: S
Strand. Sol
Printed un
rature

LIVES
Volu
Rusmond
The path
wrote a wh
a secret inf
the publicat
bring up co
has been w
cation, a fr
valuable pr
addition of
to from Mar
London: S
Strand, So

THE
The path
wrote a wh
a secret inf
the publicat
bring up co
has been w
cation, a fr
valuable pr
addition of
to from Mar
London: S
Strand, So

THE
The path
wrote a wh
a secret inf
the publicat
bring up co
has been w
cation, a fr
valuable pr
addition of
to from Mar
London: S
Strand, So

THE
The path
wrote a wh
a secret inf
the publicat
bring up co
has been w
cation, a fr
valuable pr
addition of
to from Mar
London: S
Strand, So

THE
The path
wrote a wh
a secret inf
the publicat
bring up co
has been w
cation, a fr
valuable pr
addition of
to from Mar
London: S
Strand, So

THE
The path
wrote a wh
a secret inf
the publicat
bring up co
has been w
cation, a fr
valuable pr
addition of
to from Mar
London: S
Strand, So

THE
The path
wrote a wh
a secret inf
the publicat
bring up co
has been w
cation, a fr
valuable pr
addition of
to from Mar
London: S
Strand, So

THE
The path
wrote a wh
a secret inf
the publicat
bring up co
has been w
cation, a fr
valuable pr
addition of
to from Mar
London: S
Strand, So

THE
The path
wrote a wh
a secret inf
the publicat
bring up co
has been w
cation, a fr
valuable pr
addition of
to from Mar
London: S
Strand, So

THE
The path
wrote a wh
a secret inf
the publicat
bring up co
has been w
cation, a fr
valuable pr
addition of
to from Mar
London: S
Strand, So

HISTORY OF MORAL SCIENCE.

In 2 vols. 8vo. price 21s.
By ROBERT BLAKY.
Assuming in their form, and moderate in their claims, Mr. Blaky's volumes are a valuable addition to the practical science of mind. —*Athenæum*.
Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row; Bell and Bradstreet, Edinburgh; and M. Ogilvie, Glasgow.

Third edition, in 1 vol. 8vo. price 16s. boards, or beautifully coloured by Sowerby, 11s. 6d.

ELEMENTS OF CONCHOLOGY, according to the Linnæan System; illustrated by 28 Plates drawn from Nature.
By the Rev. E. J. BURROW, A.M., &c.
Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row.

SECOND EDITION.
On the 25th October, dedicated, by permission, to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.

POLISH TALES.

By Mrs. CHARLES GORE.
We find in these powerful tales the same vigorous genius, the same eloquence and accuracy of style, and the same judicious and skilful arrangement of plot and selection of character, which so strikingly characterize the 'Hungarian Tales' of Mrs. Gore. —*Monthly Review*.
Saunders and Otley, Public Library, Conduit-street.

EARL OF ABERGAVENNY'S SEAT,
A Landscape by DANIEL, R.A.;

LADY SARAH BAYLEY, A PORTRAIT,
Engraved by DEANE, with other Illustrations by PARRIS,

THE COURT MAGAZINE, for November,
price 2s. 6d.

Edited by the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.
The Literary Contents are by the most distinguished Writers.

N.B. THE FIRST YEAR COMPLETE, in two volumes, 8vo. price 10s. 6d. each, and above 500 Original Papers. Price One Guinea each.
Published by Bell and Churton, Library, 26, Holles-street, London; Bell and Bradstreet, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin; and sold by every Bookseller in the Kingdom.

Shirley will be published, uniform with Macfarlane's 'Lives of Baudin', and embellished with fine Illustrations.

LIVES OF THE
ENGLISH HIGHWAYMEN,
PIRATES, and ROBBERS.

Drawn from the earliest and most authentic Sources, and brought down to the present time.
By CHARLES WHITEHEAD, Esq.
Bell and Churton, Library, 26, Holles-street, London; Bell and Bradstreet, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.

This day is published, 2 vols. 12mo. price 12s. sewed.

OPERE SCELTE DELL' Abate PIETRO
METASTASIO DA ROMUALDO ZOTTI.

Quarta edizione, rivista da GIULIO SORELLI.
London: Dulau and Co. Soles-square; Whittaker and Co. St. Martin-lane; J. Sonter, St. Paul's Churchyard; and J. Boker, New Broad-street.

Just published, price 5s. 12mo. bound.

A THEORETICAL and PRACTICAL
GRAMMAR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE, wherein the
French are systematically laid down, and the principal difficulties explained according to the decisions of the French Academy.

By M. DE LEVIZAC.
Tenth edition, with numerous corrections, additions, and improvements.

By J. H. SIEKAK.
London: Dulau and Co. 37, Soles-square; Whittaker and Co. St. Martin-lane; J. Sonter, St. Paul's Churchyard; and J. Boker, New Broad-street.

Just published, in 8vo. price 10s. 6d. the 2nd edition of

SIR CHARLES BELL'S BRIDGE-
WATER TREATISE—ON THE HAND; its Mechanism and
Nervousness, &c. extending Design.

London: William Fekner, Chancery-lane.

Under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

DOMESTICATED ANIMALS considered
with reference to Civilization and the Arts. Small 8vo.
with many Engravings, price 2s. 6d. cloth lettered.

London: John W. Parker, Saturday Magazine Office, West Strand.

In a few days, price 4s. 6d. bound in cloth,

Printed under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

READINGS IN BIOGRAPHY. A Selection
from the Lives of Eminent Men of all Nations.

The design of this work is to give an account of the lives of the leaders in the most important revolutions which history records, from the age of Sesostris to that of Napoleon. Care has been taken to select those persons, concerning whose information is most required by the historical student.

London: John W. Parker, Saturday Magazine Office, West Strand. Sold by all Booksellers.

In a few days, price 4s. 6d. bound in cloth,

Printed under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

LIVES OF EMINENT CHRISTIANS.

Volume the First. Bishop Wilson, Archbishop Usher, Dr. Hammond, John Evelyn.

By the Rev. R. B. HONE, M.A.
The paths of good men are commonly so full of peace, and the virtues which dwell there so mercifully softened and blessed by a sacred influence, that few more pleasing or successful ways of recommending the fear and love of God have been found, than the publication of religious biography. With the design of promoting as good a knowledge of the blessed lives of these little volumes has been written; and it is hoped that, in carrying it into execution, a fresh interest may have been given to the lives of these eminent persons, by the publication of their former memoirs, and the addition of new matter gleaned from their own writings, as well as from many volumes of contemporary biography and history.

London: John W. Parker, Saturday Magazine Office, West Strand. Sold by all Booksellers.

Under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

THE CRUSADERS; or, Scenes, Events,
and Characters, from the Times of the Crusades.

By THOMAS KEIGHTLEY.
With Twelve Views, &c. 3s. 6d. cloth lettered.

London: John W. Parker, Saturday Magazine Office, West Strand.

Under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

READINGS IN POETRY. A Selection
from the best ENGLISH POETS from Spenser to the present Time; and Specimens of several American Poets of deserved reputation; with a History of English Poetry, and an Essay on Verseification. Cloth lettered, 4s. 6d.

London: John W. Parker, Saturday Magazine Office, West Strand.

Just published, price 1s. 6d. bound in cloth,

Printed under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

THE BOOK OF ANIMALS. (Class MAMMALIA.) With very many Engravings.

This little book has been prepared solely for the use of Young People. The nature, habits, and uses of the Animals described, are presented in a correct, though simple and attractive form, and no recourse has been had to the marvellous, which too frequently forms a prominent feature in works upon similar subjects.

Books on Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, &c. are in preparation.

London: John W. Parker, Saturday Magazine Office, West Strand; of whom may be had, the various books of Education, and works of Instruction and Amusement, published under the direction of the Committee.

SECOND VOLUME OF THE SATURDAY
MAGAZINE (January to June, 1833), price 4s. 6d. bound in cloth and lettered.

The First Volume (July to December, 1832), price 4s. 6d. uniformly with the above, may also be had; and the contents is continued in

MONTHLY PARTS, at 6d. each, and in

WEEKLY NUMBERS, at 1d. each.

London: Published by J. W. Parker, West Strand, and sold by all the Booksellers, &c.

Lately published, price 7s. 6d. boards, with a coloured Plate, showing the intimate Connection existing between the Organs of Sight and Hearing.

A TREATISE ON THE PHYSIOLOGY and
DISEASES OF THE EYE; containing a new Mode of curing
Cataract without an Operation; Experiments and Observations
on Vision, on the Preservation of Sight, and on Spectacles,
Reading-Glasses, &c.

By JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, Esq. Oculist; Aurist in
Ordinary to His Majesty; and Surgeon to the Royal
Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, &c.

Contents.—Physiology or Uses of the Eye—Its Diseases, external and internal—Ophthalmitis—Purulent Ophthalmitis in Infants—Epidemic Ophthalmitis—Specie and Granules of the Cornea—Pterygium, Staphyloma, and Ulcers—Internal Diseases—Cataract, cystic and silicious—Dislocation of Cataract—Cancer of the Eye—Muscle Volvulus—Amaurosis—Optic Nerve—Prescriptions, in Latin and English—On Light—Remarkable Experiments on, by Lord Brougham—Preservation of Sight—Use, Abuse, and Choice of Spectacles—Care of the Eyes in Old Age—Choice of Spectacles—Spectacles, when generally wanted—George the Fourth's Attention to his Eyesight—Convex and Concave Glasses—Single Eye-Glasses—Injuries—Advice for choosing Spectacles—Squinting, how to be treated—Danger of Interference from hiring Opera-Glasses at the Theatres—Cases Illustrative of the Principles laid down in the Treatise.

London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

Vol. I. (complete in itself, if so desired) of

MAJOR'S CABINET GALLERY OF PIC-
TURES, with 250 Engravings, super royal 8vo. and
two pages of letter-press descriptions, is now ready, price only 20s. elegantly bound in morocco cloth. The public press has borne the strongest possible testimony to the permanent value and attractions of this work, either for the library or as a superior present to youth of both sexes.

The compilers of the Annuals have, in a great measure, thrown away their excellent opportunities for diffusing a pure and refined taste in art by the publication of chiefs-d'œuvre of acknowledged masters. Thus the abilities of our best engravers, instead of being devoted to the multiplication of works worthy of such honour, have been thrown away upon 'paintings' which have actually had no other existence than in the hasty and wretched sketches made for the occasion. However, the great truth of the Annuals is not probably drawing to a close; and we are sure Mr. Major's work will afford a substitute preferable in many respects. In the first place, and above all, the subjects will be those which, having stood the test of many critics, will be decidedly calculated to improve and elevate the taste. Lastly, instead of a frothy tale, or unmeaning verses, which, after perusal, are seldom found to give any explanation or illustration of the prints, we have here, from the experienced pen of Mr. Allan Cunningham, a compilation of sensible criticism, interesting historical information, both with reference to the design and to the picture itself, and biographical remarks on the painters. All these qualities are excellent; but the surpassing merit of the work, as a publication of the present day, will be its cheapness. —*Gentleman's Magazine*.

"It always gives us sincere pleasure to be able to speak warmly and conscientiously in praise of any work of art; and we feel it our duty most especially to call public attention to a periodical in the course of publication, called 'Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures.' These Engravings, admirably executed, are illustrated by notices from the pen of Mr. Allan Cunningham, and it will scarcely be believed, published at the price of half-a-crown a number. No work is cheap, let the price be what it may, if its embellishments are carefully or unskilfully gotten up; but we refer to the brilliant clearness and softness of the Landscapes in the present number, and to the powerful execution of the other two subjects, as a justification of our unqualified praise of an undertaking, the existence of which we really believe is not generally appreciated and patronized." —*John Bull*, Sept. 8, 1833.

"The selection of pieces is unexceptionable, while the charm of the letter-press still continues to catch the whole. Mr. A. is as shrewd and amusing, ornate, and poetical, as ever—a rare readable Critic on Art never existed." —*Morning Chronicle*, Sept. 8, 1833.

The continuation, in Monthly Numbers, will be ready for the Magazine parcels as usual.

John Major, 59, Fleet-street; and may be had of all booksellers.

THE COMIC ANNUAL, for 1834.

By THOMAS HOOD, Esq.
C. Tilt, 56, Fleet-street.

Just published, price 1s. 6d. No. X. of the

LIVERPOOL MEDICAL GAZETTE; or,
Monthly Journal of Medicine, and the Collateral Sciences.
Edited by Dr. HUNTER LANE.

London: Published by John Churchill, 16, Princes-street, Soho; and Thomas Kaye, Castle-street, Liverpool.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S NEW WORK.

This day is published, price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured.

MY SKETCH BOOK. Part II.
By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Part II.
Charles Tilt, Fleet-street; of whom may be had, by the same Artist.

1. Illustrations of Time.

2. Illustrations of Phenology.

3. Scraps and Sketches, in Four Parts.
Price 8s. each, plain; 12s. coloured.

AMERICAN ANNUAL FOR MDCCCXXXIV.

A few Copies of

THE TOKEN and ATLANTIC SOU-
VENIR for 1834, with numerous Plates, and elegantly bound, price 16s. have been received by R. J. KENNETT, No. 59, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

NEW NOVELS AND ROMANCES BY POPULAR WRITERS.

THE HEADSMAN.
By the Author of 'The Spy,' &c.
"Cooper, the American novelist, has no living superior." —*Scottman*.

THE HEIRESS. 3 vols.
"We have been pleased with the sketches of wit, the sarcastic smiles, and the passionate eloquence of these volumes." —*Athenæum*.

GRACE CASSIDY; OR, THE REPEALERS.
By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols.

"A charming picture-gallery, richly hung with bright and glowing portraits of the élite—portraits at once faithful and beautiful as those of Lawrence." —*Court Journal*.

CONSTANCE; OR, LIFE AS IT IS.
By Mrs. A. T. Thomsen. 3 vols.

"One of the most touching and exquisitely natural tales that many seasons have produced." —*Atlas*.

Third Edition, revised and corrected, 3 vols.

ZOHRAH THE HOSTAGE.
By the Author of 'Hajji Baba.'

New Edition, revised and corrected, 3 vols.

THE CHAPERON. Edited by LADY DACRE.
"Written with so much simplicity, and such refined taste, as to be truly delightful." —*Times*.

EDEEN ERSKINE; OR, THE TRAVELLER.
By the Author of 'Laurie Ridd,' &c. 3 vols.

"These volumes unite the merit of an amusing work of fiction to the interesting character of a book of travels." —*Atlas*.

Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

Mr. Bentley has just published the following

NEW WORKS.

Second Edition, in 3 vols. 8vo. with fine Portrait.

LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE to
SIR HORACE MANN.

Now first published. Edited by LORD VOLP, who has added Notes, and a Memoir of Walpole.

2.

LIEUTENANT BRETON'S EXCURSIONS
IN NEW SOUTH WALES, WESTERN AUSTRALIA, and VAN
DIEMAN'S LAND, in the Years 1829-31-32-33; and therefore
comprising the most recent Account of the Actual Condition of
these Colonies. 1 vol. 8vo. with Plates.

3.

Second Edition, revised by the Author, 2 vols. post 8vo.

ENGLAND and THE ENGLISH.
By the Author of 'Pelham,' Eugene Aram, &c.

4.

[By Command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.]

In 2 vols. 8vo. with numerous Plates, Maps, &c.

CAPT. OWEN'S NARRATIVE OF VOYAGES
TO EXPLORE THE SHORES OF
AFRICA, ARABIA, and MADAGASCAR,
Performed in H.M.S. Leven and Barracosa.

5.

New and cheaper Edition, revised by the Authors, with 12 Em-
bellishments, in a neat pocket volume.

THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS;
OR, THE CALENDAR OF NATURE.

By William and Mary Howitt.

6.

New and cheaper Edition, 2 vols. post 8vo. with Plates.

CAPT. SKINNER'S EXCURSIONS IN INDIA.

"Abounding in lively representations of all that strikes the eye as new, beautiful, or strange." —*Edinburgh Review*.

7.

In 2 vols. 8vo. with numerous Engravings, &c.

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER'S TRANSATLANTIC
SKETCHES.

"It abounds with anecdotes of all imaginable kinds." —*Atlas*.

8.

New and cheaper Edition, 2 vols. post 8vo. with Plates.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST.

By the Author of 'Stories of Waterloo.'

"None but a thorough-bred sportsman could write this book. The interest never abates; the subjects are varied and original; and the style is light, playful, and elegant." —*Sporting Magazine*.

9.

In 2 vols. 8vo. with beautiful Portrait.

MRS. INCHBALD'S MEMOIRS
AND CORRESPONDENCE.

"The most important addition lately made to those rare and valuable books, which teach men and women to know themselves." —*Tait's Magazine*.

NEW AND INTERESTING WORKS PUBLISHED BY W. KIDD, 14, CHANDOS-STREET, WEST-STRAND; AND SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, STATIONERS'-HALL-COURT.

I.
'KIDD'S PICTURESQUE POCKET COMPANIONS' TO

THE ISLE OF WIGHT, HERNE BAY, MARGATE, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, TONBRIDGE, TONBRIDGE WELLS, LONDON and its ENVIRONS, RICHMOND, HAMPTON COURT, KINGSTON, REGENT'S PARK, WINDSOR CASTLE, &c.

* * * The capital expended on the production of these unique little works, is not far short of SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS; but, from the very liberal support received from the public at large, the proprietor has issued them at almost as low a price as if they were without Engravings, (they contain, however, upwards of 800, from the pencil of G. W. BONNER,) and they have now become STANDARD LIBRARY VOLUMES.

The following have also been published in a collected form, for the convenience of Travellers:—

1. KIDD'S PICTURESQUE COMPANION TO TONBRIDGE WELLS, HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, EASTBOURNE, &c. 7s. 6d. bound.

2. — SOUTHAMPTON and the ISLE OF WIGHT, handsomely bound, 10s. 6d.

3. — BRIGHTON, WORTHING, BOGNOR, LEWES, and LITTLEHAMPTON, sewed, 4s. 6d.; or handsomely bound, 6s.

4. — MARGATE, RAMSGATE, and BROADSTAIRS, 12s. Engravings, 6s. bound.

5. — The PRINCIPAL WATERING-PLACES OF GREAT BRITAIN, 2 vols. neatly bound, 11. 8s. 6d.; or handsomely bound in morocco, gilt edges, 11. 10s. 6d.

* * * Either of these Volumes may be purchased separately. These pretty and attractive little volumes are full of correct and useful information; their pretensions are those of a 'Guide' merely, but not one of those mere scraps which paint themselves outside your inn door, and waylay you on your road to explore the neighbouring lions. They are more like pleasant travelling companions with whom you may make acquaintance on the road or in the coffee-room, and turn their local and picturesque information to account."—*Court Journal*.

Also see the whole of the London and Provincial Press.

II. A TREATISE ON THE DISEASES OF THE HEART AND GREAT VESSELS. By J. HOPE, M.D. F.R.S.

* * * The claims which this truly valuable work has upon the profession are irresistible. As a work of reference and authority it must have a place in every medical library."—*Med. & Surg. Journ.*

III. CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC ALBUM, for 1834. A Collection of Humorous Tales and Stories, with 200 first-rate Engravings. 3 vols. handsomely bound, with gilt edges, price only 21s.

* * * A complete family encyclopædia, containing fun enough to elicit a hearty laugh every day in the year. It is an indispensable companion for the library table."—*Court Journal*.

IV. — Vol. III. (sold separately,) with numerous Engravings, price 10s. 6d.

* * * We can assure our readers that this third volume will be found a valuable accession to its predecessors. It is a complete epitome of fun, without a particle of grossness."—*Courier*.

V. CRUIKSHANK'S FACETIE (Vol. III.) for 1834; being a Collection of Bon Mots, interesting Tales, &c. Price, handsomely bound, 10s.

* * * A few complete Sets of Vols. 1 and 2 may still be had, price 12s.

* * * We congratulate the lovers of fun on the rich treat provided for them in these three unique little volumes. They may now laugh and grow fat at their leisure."—*Morning Post*.

VI. CRUIKSHANK & SIR A. AGNEW; or, a Peep at the 'Facetious' Sunday Bill, with numerous Engravings. Price 1s. 6d.

* * * A work of infinite humour, for which we anticipate an immense circulation."—*Globe*.

VII. CRUIKSHANK & WITCHCRAFT; a Series of popular Illustrations on Wood, including a Portrait of the 'Gifted' Gull in one of the Scotch Kicks. Price 2s.

* * * One of the most singularly whimsical and talented productions ever published in this or any other country."—*Post*.

VIII. THE CONDITION OF THE WEST INDIA SLAVE contrasted with that of the INFANT SLAVE in our ENGLISH FACTORIES. With 15 Engravings by Cruikshank.

* * * A work that should be perused and re-perused by every person in his Majesty's dominions."—*Courier*.

* * * The engravings far exceed any of the former efforts of the artist."—*Morning Post*.

IX. TWENTY MINUTES' ADVICE ON THE EYES. By a RETIRED OCULIST. Price 1s. 6d.

* * * An invaluable little pamphlet, whose merits cannot be too highly appreciated."—*Herald*.

IX.
A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

Being one of the most singular productions of the two last centuries, on which have been employed upwards of 50,000 Volumes of the most rare and curious Works, by eminent Writers of all ages and countries.

Just completed, in two elegant 8vo. volumes, handsomely half-bound in morocco, with gilt edges, price 21. 2s.

THE ANNIVERSARY CALENDAR, NATAL-BOOK, AND UNIVERSAL MIRROR; INTENDED, PRINCIPALLY, AS A LITERARY 'BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.'

CRITICAL NOTICES.

"A work of extraordinary research and ability, and of such great utility (as a work of reference) that we are sure it must soon find its way into every library and reading-room in the country. The Index is a perfect curiosity."—*Literary Guardian*.

"A work of immense labour and research, which will very shortly find a place in the library of every student and man of letters in the kingdom. As a work of reference it is invaluable."—*Monthly Review*.

"It is also peculiarly adapted for the general reader, for it contains an inexhaustible fund of amusement and instruction of the rarest kind, and is obtainable at a very moderate price."—*Quintessence*.

"The arrangement of this elegant work is exceedingly skilful, and there is in it much information of a rare and interesting description. It forms a valuable and important work of reference, and will be recognized as an authentic chronicle."—*Examiner*.

"In these elegant volumes there is a larger fund of information, and more laborious research employed, than ordinary readers can suppose. The work is very beautifully printed, and deserves success."—*Atlas*.

* * * Subscribers not having completed their sets, are requested to do so immediately, as very few of the back Numbers remain on hand.

X.
LONDON IN MINIATURE.

A NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION, with an elegant FRONTISPIECE OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, and nearly 100 other ENGRAVINGS, by G. W. BONNER.

Price only 3s. 6d. sewed; or 4s. 6d. elegantly bound in morocco with gilt edges, (being cheaper, by one-half, than any illustrated Picture of London ever published.)

KIDD'S

NEW PICTURE OF LONDON FOR 1834; or, A GUIDE TO THE 'LIONS' OF LONDON: BEING A POCKET DIRECTORY TO all the PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, EXHIBITIONS, &c. in LONDON and its ENVIRONS;

With a beautiful Engraving of each by G. W. BONNER.

SELECTED REMARKS OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

"This splendid and useful little *bijou* may justly claim precedence of the Annals, and other ephemeral productions. It is just such a volume as the father of a family would like to put into the hands of his children, and marvellously cheap."—*Globe*.

"It is so useful and elegant a volume, and withal so cheap, that it must shortly supersede all the 'Pictures of London' hitherto in use."—*Literary Guardian*.

"We shall be very much mistaken if the whole edition of this elegant little *bijou* be not consumed in the country alone."—*Times*.

"The wood-cuts, which are numerous, are singularly chaste and accurate."—*Teller*.

"This is a beautiful little gem, containing, in a small compass, an account of every exhibition in or near London, with a clever engraving of each, by Bonner. The *handing* surprises everything of the sort we have hitherto seen, and has to the eye a very pleasing effect. For elegant a little matter the price is surprisingly low."—*Morning Post*.

"To the resident this elegant little volume will be most acceptable. To the stranger it will be invaluable. The engravings are beyond all praise."—*Courier*.

XI.

A PICTURESQUE POCKET COMPANION IN A TOUR ROUND THE SOUTHERN COAST OF ENGLAND.

By W. KIDD. With numerous Engravings by BONNER.

In two handsome Volumes, with gilt edges, price 30s.

LITERARY CRITICISMS.

"These beautiful miniature volumes claim our unqualified praise. Their descriptions and indications are all that we need from such a medium of information; and their unimmaculate wood-cuts, so far as we can discover, are quite as efficient illustrations of what they are drawn from as the most elaborate of any *Journal*.

"Four hundred and twenty such views as these are in themselves a rich treasure, and delightful for home recollections."—*Whig*.

"These elegant little volumes comprise the results of a tour round the whole of the Southern Coast of England. Of their kind we know of nothing to compare with them; and if the large sum (not less, we are assured, than six thousand pounds) which has been expended on them, do not command a corresponding degree of public patronage to the spirited exertions of the proprietor, the public deserves to be its own guide for the future."—*in fact*, nothing can be in better taste than the whole getting-up of these highly attractive volumes, or more deserving of that extensive encouragement which can alone reimburse the cost of them."—*Spectator*.

In a handsome Volume, price only 2s. neatly bound in fancy cloth; or superbly bound in morocco, with gilt edges (for Presents), 10s. 6d.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS (KIDD'S EDITION).

With One Hundred and Ten Illustrative Engravings on Wood, and a Portrait of the Author, by G. W. BONNER; and Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. W. MASON.

REMARKS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

"This is by far the cheapest and most elegant edition ever published of this extraordinary and popular work."—*Observer*.

"With these admirable engravings, it might very appropriately be called 'The Boy's Own Book.'"—*Spectator*.

"This is a publication at a very low price, of one of the ablest, as well as most popular, productions in the English language, and has claim to a notice under the head of 'Fine Arts,' in consequence of the illustrative Wood-cuts with which it is embellished. The design is extremely beautiful. We wish the publication success."—*Morning Herald*.

"A reprint, at a remarkably low price, of Bunyan's popular work, printed in a fine, clear type. It contains more than 100 Wood-cuts, and a Portrait of the Author, by Bonner."—*Morning Post*.

"It is very beautifully printed, and the embellishments considerably enhance the interest of the work."—*Atlas*.

"Those who have the slightest pretensions to literary taste, should not be without this valuable work, enriched as it is with an endless variety of beautiful Wood-cuts by Bonner, and published at a remarkably low price."—*Literary Gazette*.

XIII.

(FORMING A COMPANION TO THE ABOVE.)

In a neat Volume, price only 5s. 6d. in fancy cloth; or 7s. 6d. in morocco, gilt edges, a SECOND EDITION of

TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES OF EMINENT ENGLISH MISSIONARIES.

* * * This little Volume is particularly recommended to the attention of FAMILIES and SCHOOLS. It has been directed of all dry, objectionable, and uninteresting matter, and retains such only as cannot fail of entertaining, and, at the same time, improving the mind.

"A good and useful book like this needs no puffing. It is sure to meet with encouragement."—*Spectator*.

"It is one of the most interesting volumes we ever met with, and deserves an extensive circulation."—*Times*.

London: J. HOLMES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

Published every Saturday at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, No. 2, Catherine Street, Strand, by J. FRANCIS; and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors in Town and Country.

No. 1. This and a w

Travels By St

Southern daily inc Its geog and salu of its tr not to av ing arri growi dition of an impo chant as langu unknown of the m the man of the s induc cation l of these least gr perceive mission education these un pher ha lation, t actual o the doo intellige Altho contain formation given in we are thankf a missi and the mission as they the form by the i instituti duced, the ent sina, at Tembu River, Port N is now lony. of the l interspe of a superst: howeve them, f us, is, t industr + The but he s tionally from the prouch n word Ko the plur